

JAPAN'S LOCKHEED ELECTION JAMES STENTZEL

THE

NATION

DECEMBER 18, 1976

60 cents

The Two Faces of THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

**Symbolic Populism at Home,
Multinational Dominance Abroad—
Can Carter Have the 'Best'
of Both Worlds?**

ALAN WOLFE

The Nuclear Dissidents

WHAT THEY CAN TELL THE CONGRESS

PETER KOVLER

Eddie Bunker Wants To Go Straight

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LETTERS

speaking out of turn

Joliet, Ill.

I admire your long history of defense of civil liberties and freedom of speech. That is why I was very disturbed by your editorial attack on Gen. George Brown [*The Nation*, Oct. 30]. You even admitted that what he said about Israel, England and Iran was true yet wanted him fired for speaking out on political issues. The truth is, he was speaking on military, not political, matters and if more military men (such as Lt. Col. Anthony Herbert) had spoken out on Vietnam then our involvement there might have been shortened.

I have no doubt that if he had not spoken against Israel you would have defended him instead. Your persistent blind spot where Israel is concerned is the only blemish on an otherwise perfect record.

Phyllis Roa

The tradition in the United States is that the military is subordinate to and acts under the orders of the civilian government. And following from that, it is held that members of the armed services shall not express themselves publicly on matters of national policy. General Brown's recent utterances, like others he has made in the past, had a bearing on our relations with other countries; it is irrelevant that their specific context was military. Anthony Herbert's denunciation of our involvement in Vietnam was made after he had resigned his commission. Had he not done so, we would have judged his remarks improper, even though we agreed with them.

Ms. Roa does not describe our "persistent blind spot where Israel is concerned," so it is difficult to respond to that charge. We have never questioned the assumption that the survival of Israel is a basic tenet of U.S. foreign policy, and we have published articles and editorials, some of them critical, which we believe serve the best interests of a country toward which Americans of all backgrounds have the warmest friendship.

The Editors

style is no defense

San Francisco, Calif.

Your reluctant endorsement of Carter, Josephine Hendin's evaluation of John Updike's novels and your back-cover advertisement [a compilation of quotes] soliciting subscribers to your remarkable magazine [Oct. 30] got me thinking:

Why couldn't you endorse any third party, say Camejo and Reid? (Your Dec. 28, 1974 issue, which largely consisted of two articles on socialism, implied an open-mindedness. . . .) It seems to me that a vote for a third party would have been not simply a reaction against Carter and Ford but a creative response to a system which values "defense" (read "domination") to the extent that we "permit" the murder of Orlando Letelier, a murder about which you are stridently indignant; it would be a radical response to a system that spawns the Nobel Prize-winning Milton Friedman, "a consultant and adviser to repressive regimes around the world." Has not the historical function of third parties been to "reform" the two major ones? Do you see only third parties as threatening? Frivolous?

Ms. Hendin's evaluation of Updike's novels is summed up when she concludes that "Updike's defense against despair is style, the spectacular management of perspective to overlook disaster." May not this kind of literary myopia keep more creative writers from endorsing *The Nation*? (Only Erskine Caldwell and William Saroyan are quoted and/or listed in your advertisement.)

My point is that occasionally strident criticism (your moral outrage) on one hand, and your reasonably critical acceptance of Carter on the other, express a fragmented and disturbed editorial style. . . . You say that Carter,

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EDITORIALS

Last Days on the Shuttle

Is it possible to feel sympathy for the situation of Henry A. Kissinger in his last six weeks as Secretary of State? After all, he'll be losing that long official car, those rides in Air Force 2, all those respectful attendants, the hushed corridors of power. After January 20, it will be "Dr. Kissinger," not "Mr. Secretary." The signs are that Kissinger's transit from celebrity to history is one of the more personally painful ones in the current Washington exodus.

Still, it is hard to feel sympathy for him. In the dying days of the Republican administration he is up to his old tricks. The latest flim-flam involves this country's agreement with the Philippines on our military bases there. It is hard to tell from the press reports which side is telling less of the truth on why Kissinger's billion-dollar deal with the "friendly" dictatorship in Manila broke down. It is a regrettable result of Kissinger's record these past eight years that there can be no presumption that the American Secretary of State is the lesser liar.

What seems obvious, however, is that Kissinger tried to rush through this bit of unfinished business in his usual way. That is, with offstage noises about how the Russians are going to be using Vietnam's giant Camranh Bay port installation (one of our legacies to the winners of that war), Kissinger employed the combination of public pressure ("peace is at hand") and private misrepresentation for which he is famous. This time it did not work with the Marcos government, which wanted a higher proportion of the billion to be paid in arms, as against aid. So the deal Kissinger thought he could get away with, after his conversations with Foreign Secretary Romulo in Mexico City, fell apart. Now, according to *The New York Times* (December 7), relations between Washington and Manila are "severely strained."

The Secretary of State's penultimate effort, the grandstand play on Rhodesia and the proposed switch to black rule, is in the state of shambles that was inevitable for it. The Geneva "negotiation" is as close to total immobility as such things can be and the fighting steps up as the conference sits still. There is no sign that the United States is putting any kind of pressure on the stubborn lily-white government of Ian Smith.

The man President-elect Carter has chosen to replace Kissinger, Cyrus Vance, is about as different in style as it is possible to imagine, and that is already a relief. Kissinger has generously offered to share with Vance what the *Times* calls "the secrets of the department" and he has called Carter's selection "brilliant." Vance's riposte, in this exchange of amenities, was to hail the outgoing Secretary's "great, great talents" and to say, rather ambiguously, that "if the time arises," he knows he can "count on the Secretary to advise and help."

Our guess is that the time is not very apt to "arise," nor do we think the occasion should be sought. Kissinger's flamboyant style fitted the devious policies of the Nixon White House. It would not fit the more open, not to say more honest, ways of handling our relations with the world which Carter has promised and Vance seems to

represent. Let Kissinger retire, completely, content with the prospect of his million-dollar memoirs and with the words of Egypt's President Sadat ringing in his ears (*Newsweek*, December 13): "... one of my most intimate friends ... a man that you can really trust. ..." Sadat really said that, and let Kissinger leave office in the belief that the sentiment is universal.

The Condemned Accomplices

It is convenient for the zealots of law and order, the unquestioning supporters of the death penalty, that they have found two convicted murderers who urgently want to die. Gary Mark Gilmore in Utah and Robert Excell White in Texas provide them with morally comfortable excuses for their attempts to reinstate, and make acceptable, what reformers once called "judicial murder." It has been called other names—an eye for an eye, retributive justice, the ultimate deterrent, and so on.

Gilmore and White admit their guilt and demand the punishment which the law, with growing qualms, allows. They say that they prefer swift extinction to years of imprisonment in our vile jails. They hate, among others, the individuals and organizations that are trying to preserve their wretched lives on behalf of some abstract cause in which they have no interest. That cause, of course, is civilized behavior on the part of a society, restraints on the life-and-death power of the state over its citizens. Naturally, these considerations seem remote to men on death row who face an awful future whatever their judges decide.

The thing they hate the most is themselves, as Gilmore's quite eloquent statements prove. "Please, Mom," he wrote in a public appeal to his mother (she had had her phone disconnected), "accept the fact that I don't disagree with the law and the sentence that has been imposed upon me and I wish to be dead." He wrote the girl he had been living with before he committed his two murders in Utah—and before both of them tried and failed at conventional suicide—that the idea of execution by the state was "more acceptable and easier than suicide. . . . My soul is on fire and screaming to vacate this ugly house. . . . Death is death is death. A path worn smooth by the many who have trod it before."

As for White, he told a judge in Texas that "if any man deserves to die, I do for the crimes I've committed." And later he wrote to the clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States, even as lawyers tried to stay his execution, that he wished any appeal on his behalf to be turned down because, after two years on death row, "I have had plenty of time to consider my particular situation."

There has not been an execution in this country for almost ten years. A series of cases which reflect changing public attitudes toward the extreme penalty have blocked several states from carrying out a punishment that, not long ago, was almost routine. But the law goes on evolving, the cases drag their way to higher and higher tribunals, different judges sit on benches and reflect stricter "law-and-order" feelings. The condemned exist in their maximum security cells, waiting for an ultimate judgment which for them may also be final. For them the waiting is "cruel and unusual," as were the crimes they committed.

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and as the judicial system has, with hesitations and qualifications, declared execution itself to be.

And now the dam of moral inhibitions, built up over the last decade or two, may be about to break. Once that happens, even in one case, there may be a torrent of executions, sweeping out those death cells and ending those scores of lives by shooting, hanging, electrocution or gas—applied by the state in its majesty.

If so, it may occur because two of the condemned killers happened to be men of suicidal bent, men who wanted to die. This disposition of theirs, their refusal to plead for their lives, will have sprung the leak that broke the dam and somehow absolved their official executioners. They will thus have made it easier for the state to go ahead with the grim business of retribution, one to which it is notoriously hard to put limits.

"To defer to the choice Mr. Gilmore has made," wrote the ACLU's executive director, Aryeh Neier, in *The New York Times* (November 17), "is to acknowledge the right of the state to engage in savagery and to coerce Mr. Gilmore into becoming an accomplice in legal homicide." The fact that Gary Gilmore would be an accomplice to a killing in which he is also the victim is sad but irrelevant. The state must have higher purposes than to be *his* accomplice in his suicide.

The News that Fits the Purse

Newspaper readers in Michigan are worth \$592.88 each. In New York City, in the afternoon field, the going price is \$60 a head. In England the quote on Sunday paper readers is a fragment of a farthing.

These odd figures are derived from three recent transactions in the newspaper business. There was a time when journalists intended a kind of affectionate scorn for their profession, or trade, when they said that they worked in "the newspaper business." The phrase implied that they knew quite well that the publisher's cash register was their ultimate editor, but it was also a cocky boast that they could somehow dodge the commercial restraints and manage to get into print some information their readers needed.

Those days seem to be gone forever. The newspaper business is now just that. The cash register has been buttressed by the computer and the techniques of opinion polling, and that combine is more in control of daily journalism than ever.

Before we cite evidence for this assertion from the pages of the trade publication, *Editor & Publisher*, we should explain the calculations on the value of one reader-on-the-hoof. (1) Samuel I. Newhouse recently bought Michigan's Booth newspaper chain, made up of eight daily and Sunday papers with a total circulation of 506,000, for \$300 million. (Booth also puts out the Sunday supplement *Parade*, whose 113 subscribing organs have a combined circulation of 19.354 million, but we choose arbitrarily to leave that out of our calculation.) Newhouse is now the proprietor of by far the largest newspaper chain in the country; he leaves the local management wide editorial latitude, by most accounts, as long as the profits keep rising. (2) The Australian-British-American press lord Rupert Murdoch is about to con-

clude a deal, we are told, whereby he buys the 500,000 readers of the *New York Post* for about \$30 million, which works out to relative cash values of ten straphangers to one Michigander. The explanation of this money gap undoubtedly lies in the notorious profitability of newspaper monopolies, which merit the label often pinned on their television analogues—"a license to print money." (It is quite common to have these two money machines under the same corporate roof, thus almost exponentially fattening the profits.) (3) The purchase for one sagging pound of *The Observer* of London by ARCO, the oil conglomerate, falls into another category of calculation altogether. It is not paying even a penny per thought of those 600,000-odd readers, except in the sense of agreeing to subsidize for a while the losses of that venerable weekly. The *pro quo* for that *quid* is less obvious, as we observed last week, but it just might have something to do with the gushers-to-be of the North Sea and the British Establishment's attitude toward the sharing of those spoils.

Now back to the way in which American newspaper editors look at the profession, trade or business in which they find themselves, as set forth in the November 13th issue of *Editor & Publisher*. There Larry Jinks, employed by the Knight-Ridder chain and until recently president of the Associated Press Managing Editors, tells his fellow editors that, "It does not embarrass me to say that we are all in the business of meeting consumer needs, as other businesses are."

Unembarrassed by that statement, Jinks gives half a cheer for democracy and the First Amendment in a sentence that reads: "Business efficiency, primarily aimed at maximizing profits, does not eliminate journalism's public responsibility." He even makes so bold as to deny that it is "pretentious to say that we have a constitutional mandate to audit government and the other major institutions of society. There is no way we can escape that responsibility, and most of us would not want to do so." Those are the ringing tones of the heirs of John Peter Zenger in the year of the Bicentenary.

On another page, the general manager and president of the Associated Press, Keith Fuller, beats his breast and admits that a "deficiency" of the A.P. has been a "lack of perspective," a concept he has a hard time defining. Perhaps with an eye on the threats from the Third World to exclude the West's news gatherers and distributors and to substitute their own national press services, Fuller declares that "perspective" may do the trick, which is "not to sell foreign news, but to bring global happenings closer." (To whom, one might ask.)

On nearly every page of this and other editions of *Editor & Publisher* some editor is seeking help from pollsters and marketing experts on what their journal's "product" should be. They want to be more closely attuned to their readers' "interests." They see themselves in competition for "leisure-time attention" with television and one even complains that "our biggest competition is dullness."

These then are the worries of the American daily press, that herd of moneymaking monopolies. The idea of the public interest, once so clear to so many journalists, has been lost somewhere behind the computerized stacks

of the profit and (almost never) loss statements.

Even the Boy Scouts have joined the parade of the "fresh approach to newspaper journalism," we learn on page 38 of *Editor & Publisher's* November 13th issue. The requirements for the journalism merit badge have been amended to include a "talk with a business executive about relationships between editorial and business departments and what makes a publication 'good.'" It might be better if the Scouts, and editors, stuck to the old scouting tradition of the daily "good turn."

Any Black Will Do

On November 29 Clarence Norris, the last known surviving "Scottsboro boy," returned to Alabama to pick up a pardon for a crime that the state finally recognized he did not commit. Thus came to an end one of the *causes célèbres* of the 1930s, the most famous of the cases in which black men were tried in racist courts for allegedly raping white women. And thus ended that sad chapter in Mr. Norris's life—except that for him the chapter comprised the whole book. Convicted before he was 20 for raping two girls in a train, Norris spent fifteen years in prison, five of them on death row. After being paroled in 1946 he fled Alabama and lived as a fugitive for three more long, Scottsboro-haunted decades.

There is some comfort in the fact that justice for Clarence Norris was finally done—even justice of a bureaucratic sort, and forty years too late. But it is disturbing to learn that the Scottsboro syndrome lives on, as Terry Cannon points out in this issue (p. 652). Delbert Tibbs, a young black man whose 1974 conviction and

death sentence for rape-murder were overturned by an appeals judge who was outraged by the flimsiness of the evidence, will soon go on trial for his life a second time.

Two other cases that fall into the same familiar pattern prove that Scottsboro is not to be found only south of Mason-Dixon. In Bowling Green, Ohio, an all-white jury last October convicted a young black member of the Nation of Islam, Paul X Moody, of attempted rape. Moody had an alibi and did not fit the victim's original description of her attacker. The police's presentation of his photograph to the victim was done in a fashion that could hardly fail to prejudice her. And most compelling, the victim testified that she had left scratch and bite marks on her assailant. A doctor who examined Moody the day after the assault found no such marks.

In Buffalo, N.Y., Kenneth Johnson faces 126 years in prison on charges stemming from a series of rapes in that city. Once again, Johnson does not fit the various descriptions of the attacker, nor the composite drawing prepared from those accounts. His defense committee says he has an alibi. The police were desperately eager to make an arrest in the case because of community outcry. And reports indicate that rapes of the same pattern continued to occur while Johnson was being held in prison.

When picking up his pardon, Clarence Norris said: "I only wish the other eight [Scottsboro] boys could be here today—their lives were ruined by this thing too." How many lives of young blacks like Tibbs, Moody and Johnson are now being silently wrecked because their cases have received no attention? How much longer must we wait before Scottsboro is placed where it belongs: in the museum-case of ancient horrors?

Carter and the Tax-Cut Soothsayers

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Corporate statesmen who voted 8-to-1 for Ford are now willing to forgive Carter and even welcome him into their club if only he pays close attention to the advice that they and their economic and journalistic allies generously offer without charge. Of such advice there is happily no shortage. Gabriel Hauge, now chairman of Manufacturers Hanover Trust, in an earlier incarnation Dwight Eisenhower's White House economist, has informed the President-elect that the appropriate individuals in the top economic jobs (Mr. Hauge himself? A rival banker? Another term for William Simon?) would be worth \$10 billion or \$20 billion of tax reduction, or, horrors!, new social spending. Musing like any retired general on the glorious campaigns of his active service, Walter Heller advocates another 1964-style general tax cut, presumably after allowing for inflation, of \$20 billion, instead of 1964's \$10 billion.

Robert Lekachman, Distinguished Professor of Economics at Herbert H. Lehman College (CUNY), is the author of Age of Keynes and Inflation: The Permanent Problem of Boom and Bust (both Random House).

Arthur Burns, eager as always to postpone economic intervention by federal agencies other than his own Federal Reserve, thinks that Congress and the President should wait a while before taking further action. He professes open-mindedness about tax cuts at the right time and of the proper variety, should the economic indicators continue to sing their daily sad song. It is no surprise that for Dr. Burns good tax cuts are permanent and broadly distributed among rich and poor and corporations and consumers. This is the way, puffs the good doctor, to avert social strife and unseemly squabbles over the distribution of the benefits from lower taxes.

The signals from Plains have been discouraging. Following current economic fashion, Mr. Carter expects unemployment to diminish quite slowly, though he has not quite equated 5.5 or 6 per cent jobless with full employment, that being the new definition offered by Robert Hall of M.I.T., among others. Moreover, Carter has opted for 6 per cent economic growth in 1977, even though Lawrence Klein, his economic adviser, has cited 7 per cent as an appropriate, noninflationary target. Worst of all, the sixteen economists and businessmen who trooped down to Plains on December 1 to counsel the incoming President

and, probably, to undergo job interviews, were good Establishment types, ranging from moderate conservatives like Du Pont's Irving Shapiro to moderate liberals like the Brookings contingent. One of the latter, Charles Shultze, Lyndon Johnson's budget director, is credited (if that's the word I want) with stopping the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Bill dead in its tracks last summer by frightening a clutch of Democratic Congressional freshmen with dire warnings of its inflationary consequences.

One hopes that Mr. Carter's reiterated yearnings to make friends with the business community are only Southern sweet talk. *The New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" (December 6) rendered the sharpest and soundest verdict on the realistic prospects of placating that constituency: "The only way that any President can gain the confidence of that community is by turning the country over to it lock, stock, and cash register." *The New Yorker* acidly advised businessmen to reassure the public by putting their own house in order. An excellent example of the corporate sense of responsibility was the steel industry's hike in the price of the flat-rolled steel which goes into autos and household appliances. The increase in the face of a dismal market for steel products and 68 per cent plant operating rates was flagrantly calculated to occur during an interregnum when one President was on his way out and another possessed no immediate power of action. From Kennedy onward steel executives have behaved somewhat more stupidly than most of their peers, but what the steel industry did crudely, other corporations will more quietly emulate. Our business leaders, lest we forget, remind us that it is perfectly possible to have inflation without full employment.

The contest for Carter's soul, quite probably already won by the conservatives in his own entourage, is focusing in an eerie manner on a replay of the debate within the Kennedy administration in 1961 and 1962 over the most efficacious way to stimulate a sluggish economy. From the embassy in New Delhi Galbraith strenuously urged his old Harvard pupil to push for more social spending, the better to rectify the imbalance between the public and the private sector. On the scene in Washington, Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, pressed for the tax cut alternative. By winning, Heller inevitably concentrated White House attention on the difficult fight for Congressional assent. As events turned out, it remained for Lyndon Johnson to coax and coerce Congress into enacting not only his predecessor's tax cut but the Great Society cornucopia of aid to education, Medicare and Medicaid, model cities, war on poverty, manpower training, and much else. In retrospect Kennedy's 1,000 days were diverted from repair of a rickety collection of social services to the pursuit of an essentially conservative tax cut.

In 1977 a new tax cut will, at very best, be temporary, focused on low- and moderate-income families, and equipped with the negative income tax feature of cash grants to those too poor to pay any income taxes susceptible to reduction. Far more likely is the sort of tax cut, beloved of Sen. Russell Long and the business press, whose benefits flow substantially to large corporations and affluent individuals. The worst of all possibilities are tax cuts both inequitable and permanent.

Yet nothing can more completely stall any liberal agenda that Jimmy Carter carries with him than shrinkage of the revenues essential for its financing. The most calamitous effects of the 1964 adventure were averted only because the economy grew rapidly enough to compensate for the revenues lost through lower imposts on personal and corporate income. For a variety of familiar reasons, among them OPEC, rising prices of other raw materials, and the clamor of developing nations for better credit and trading relations with the rich countries of the Northern Hemisphere, economic growth in the foreseeable future is likely to be much slower than history has prepared Americans to expect.

In this unfavorable growth context Carter should recognize that tax cuts are permanent substitutes for progressive action on the job, health, and urban fronts. One reason why conservatives and even "responsible" liberal economists now advocate caution on practically everything—public jobs, public works, federalization of welfare, national health, aid to the cities, and the remainder of this country's unmet needs, is the shortage of federal cash. This shortage is the natural, inevitable and damaging consequence of bouts of tax reduction in 1964, 1969 and 1975.

No President wants to start his new administration with a major fight. Open warfare with big business and finance would terminate a Carter honeymoon before it began. Nevertheless, if Carter means honestly to redeem his promises to the Southern blacks, poor whites, Texas Chicanos and labor unionists who won him his narrow victory, he must drop any thought of tax reduction. Simultaneously, he should present a spending program addressed to the cities, the jobless, the minorities, and the environment.

By the time this plea appears in print, Mr. Carter may well have announced major appointments which tacitly enunciate a negative response. If the major economic officials are really acceptable in the "aggregate" (Hamilton Jordan's word) to the business community, the game will almost surely be lost and the hope of the Carter administration dashed in its very first day of office. □

LETTERS (Continued from page 642)

because "he is committed to his party's platform," offers "more a hope than a choice," that he "is an intelligent and decent man." . . . Under the pressures of the campaign Carter's style cracked, and he offered no programs. What is it about the Democratic platform that gives you a sense of hope? Where has it been stated that we aren't going to continue to spend enormous amounts of money on "defense," that we aren't going to "support" repressive regimes, that we aren't going to "interfere" in countries which contravene our federal economic policies and/or the policies of American corporations?

The Nation overlooks the obvious: the only "defense" against despair (let alone evil) in the face of disaster is to confront the disaster with courage and imagination. What is gained by overlooking calamity except a privileged and irrelevant aesthetic? What is accomplished by moral outrage except a possible, temporary, respite from malaise?

In the processes of confronting disaster one may begin to be, indeed one may need to be, creative—and radical.

John D. Dolan

JAPAN'S LOCKHEED ELECTION

JAMES STENTZEL

Tokyo

When the story of the Lockheed Corporation's foreign bribes broke last February, State Department officials coordinated moves to cover up the details, particularly those relating to Japan. They reasoned that full disclosure would "destabilize" Japanese politics. Perhaps they foresaw leftist forces leaping to power as the Liberal Democratic Party (LDP), that encrusted bastion of conservatism which has ruled Japan for two decades, fell from grace. They were sure that harmonious Japan-U.S. relations were being seriously threatened.

Such reasoning was perverted and self-serving nonsense, and last week's elections for the Lower House of the Japanese Diet proved it. Now the State Department can relax a little—and perhaps reflect a bit: the Japanese vote was anything but a mandate for radicalism, but it was a pronounced vote against the corruption typified by the Lockheed payola and the attempted cover-up.

It was no accident that the biggest gainers in the election were the Clean Government Party (Komeito) and an LDP breakaway group, the New Liberal Club, whose platform was conservatism with rectitude. In the previous 491-member Lower House, the Clean Government Party had thirty members, the New Liberal Club five, and the LDP a majority of 265. In the new 511-member House, the Clean Government Party has fifty-five members, the New Liberal Club seventeen and the LDP a minority of 249.

The election must also be seen as an affirmation of the people's right to know. Exposure of the political dirt under the rug of Japan Incorporated has shown, through the "Lockheed election," that Japan's democracy may not be as fragile as its American parents fear. That is the lesson to be learned by those officials in Washington who arrogantly appointed themselves to protect the best interests of Japan (read: the LDP ruling circle).

In fact, the most destabilizing period in Japanese politics—and therefore the time of greatest threat to U.S.-Japan ties—was several months last spring when the U.S. Government tried, by a series of maneuvers, to bury evidence that bribe takers had been found in the upper echelons of the LDP. Even though the resultant Japanese uproar forced Washington's hand, the attempted cover-up has left lingering distrust of U.S. intentions here. People note, for example, that Lockheed's own full report on the scandal (required by the Securities and Exchange Commission) has been twice delayed. The report, due last summer, conveniently did not appear in time for the elections.

If the Japanese voted for political openness and honesty, they also voted for economic conservatism and stability. For years the LDP vote has steadily declined, making coalition governments inevitable. With the LDP already a minority party in the Upper House of the Diet, the only questions had been when and how the coalitions would

evolve. Both were answered on December 5: the time is now, and the mandate is for a conservative-to-middle-of-the-road coalition.

The pattern is not unique to Japan. Already in Europe—and perhaps even in the United States if one looks at Carter's campaign appeals and the mixture of people it attracted—there are many signs of progressive and conservative forces collapsing into centrist coalitions. The Japanese have now joined the trend, which appears to be advanced capitalism's answer to economic squeezes and political scandals.

The LDP's slippage from majority control of the Diet would have been even more pronounced except for gerrymandering that continues to give rural areas disproportionately large representation in the Diet. Rural and semi-rural areas, with some 45 per cent of the population, are allocated 54 per cent of Lower House seats. The LDP won 57 per cent of these seats, nearly offsetting its failures in metropolitan and urban areas. Put another way, the gerrymandering permitted the LDP to win 49 per cent of the elected seats on only 42 per cent of the popular vote.

The Tokyo Stock Exchange, the bellwether of corporate Japan, appears to be trusting that former Deputy Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda will sooner or later replace Takeo Miki as Prime Minister. That at least is the reading given the stock market's gain as soon as the final election results were in. Reports are current in Tokyo that the State Department and U.S. multinationals are as warm as Japanese businessmen and investors to the idea of a Fukuda Cabinet.

All these groups have privately if not publicly expressed interest in Fukuda's "forthright" and "business-centered" approach to government. The attitude is a slap at Prime Minister Miki for trying both to clean up government and to restrict corporate monopolies. One of the ironies of the election is that, by voting for Miki-type reforms, the electorate also may well have voted Miki out of office. Meanwhile, "money politics" continues: big business is alleged to be heavily but discreetly bankrolling Fukuda's run for Prime Minister.

Whether Fukuda, Miki or an opposition "third force" can pull together the necessary coalition remains to be seen. The struggle is already intense both among the parties and among powerful party factions jockeying for positions in the Cabinet. Miki has a precarious incumbent's advantage should he choose to stick it out for the last year of his three-year term as Premier. Fukuda's advantage, in addition to his business ties, is that he has maintained the largest LDP faction in the new Diet—fifty-one members. This compares to forty-two for the old Tanaka faction, thirty-seven each for the Nakasone and Ohira factions, and only thirty-two for the Miki faction. The LDP has fifty-nine neutral or nonfactional members of the new Lower House, including nine elected independents who will vote with the party.

The foreign policy implications of the election are not clear, but there is no reason to expect any major changes

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in relations with the United States. Japan's "Korea Connection" could be a different story. The right wing of the LDP has built intimate ties with South Korea's Park Chung Hee regime over the past decade. It is an open secret that the partnership is so full of political payoffs, corporate kickbacks and other assorted intrigue as to make both the Lockheed scandal and the unfolding story of South Korean activities in Washington pale by comparison. The Tokyo-Seoul connection is too well cemented for anyone to expect a significant weakening of the ties, but with certain Diet committees and possibly some chairmanships now to be controlled by opposition party members, one can expect the more sordid aspects of the relationship to become at least more refined if not more exposed.

The Japanese election presented a number of contrasts with last month's U.S. election. One of the more surprising differences is that transistorized and computerized Japan still votes by write-in paper ballots. Such slips of white paper numbering 56,612,755 were dumped on huge tables for hand counting by hordes of election workers—a scene to make even Mayor Daley envious. Other variations are that the Japanese campaign is officially only three weeks long, and that, although the media predict the overall party balance in the Diet, specific pre-election polls by districts are outlawed.

The biggest difference, obviously, is the wide choice of parties. Even though the Japan Communist Party is hardly "Communist" in any orthodox sense, the Japan Socialist Party and the Democratic Socialist Party are

barely "Socialist," the Clean Government Party is not necessarily all that clean, and the Liberal Democratic Party and New Liberal Club are anything but liberal—still the voters have a spectrum of choice that most Americans lack. More important, minority parties here have reasonable election chances because of the system whereby each of 130 constituencies is represented in the Diet by several members and in which the top three-to-five vote-getters are elected. One of the tricky considerations caused by this system is the party decision on whether or not to run more than one candidate in an election district. The risks are great, because the combined vote of party members in the same constituency must be big enough so that they can split it relatively evenly without submerging one another.

The Japan Socialist Party continues to be Japan's second strongest party partly because of such skill. The party's share of the popular vote fell slightly to 20 per cent on December 5, but careful strategy made the most of the vote, so that victorious JSP candidates grew from 118 to 123. The Japan Communist Party, meanwhile, showed how not to do it: while maintaining a 10 per cent share of the popular vote, JCP membership in the Lower House plummeted from thirty-nine to seventeen.

In the midst of these rising and sinking fortunes, there was at least one Japanese politician who seemed to prefer the more tidy U.S. system; Kono Yohei, leader of the successful New Liberal Club, campaigned with the slogan that "what Japan needs is two conservative parties—like the U.S." □

THE TWO FACES OF CARTER

ALAN WOLFE

Rarely, if ever, has the United States elected a President as little known as Governor Carter. Coming from the periphery, independent of traditional Democratic Party ties, never pressed during his election campaign to put forward his views, Carter assumes office as a man of mystery. Carter prophecy is already a booming business, and it is dominated by two points of view. One sees Carter as a Populist, attacking big business and its corruption of political life. This Carter will show an active concern for civil rights and tax relief for the middle and lower-middle classes. Severe dents will be made in the cozy relationship between big business and government after the inauguration. The other group suggests that Carter is, in the words of Guido Gerosa of *L'Europa*, a "Frankenstein" creation of David Rockefeller, fabricated to serve the interests of Wall Street capital. A Carter administration, according to this interpretation, will mean close links between Washington and the traditional U.S. ruling class.

To decide which, if either, of these views is correct one must examine some changes in the Democratic Party and the capacity of America's rulers over the past ten years. Always a loose party, containing extremely diverse

elements, the Democratic Party in 1976 showed itself more divided than ever. Two factors made a Carter victory possible: a solid bloc of Southern states plus the voting strength of blacks and union members in Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania. Each of these key elements in Carter's victory coalition wants a different, indeed an opposite group of things. The South, like middle-class voters in general, has been moving to the Right. Tax relief, a brake on spending programs for the poor, and protection against inflation are the dominant concerns of this group. But blacks and working-class people have just as noticeably moved to the Left, and they expect Carter to acknowledge their support with a fight against unemployment, an expansion of social services, and other traditional Democratic Party programs. In other words, Carter is caught between the two opposing tendencies within his party; if he turns toward one group, he risks losing the support of the other. We can expect that in his first administration Carter's primary concern will be to keep the party unified, so that decisive moves in one direction or the

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other will take second place to vacillation and contradictory promises. For as long as he can, Carter will try to be all things to all Democrats.

Given this increasingly wide split in the party, a two-faced Carter is inevitable. And its effects will be accomplished by some important changes in the political ideology that has held the Democratic Party together since the Great Depression. In the past, the Democrats have been split as they are now, but the result was not serious because it was always possible to rally both groups to a common program. The essence of that program was an anti-Communist foreign policy and a link between social welfare spending and defense spending. Anti-communism gave the Democrats an ideology that appealed as strongly to Southern Bourbon as to Polish steelworker. As long as the myth persisted of a monolithic Communist threat to America's security, domestic differences seemed petty, hardly worth discussion. And anti-communism also validated a decision to spend substantial amounts on defense, another essential aspect of the coalition that held the Democrats together. Military spending kept the South happy because so many of the new industries were located there; it provided jobs for heavy industry when industries like automobiles began to perceive that they might be in trouble, and it fueled the economy by stimulating demand without raising the expectations of the poorest groups in the society for a proper share of the wealth. For them there was relief.

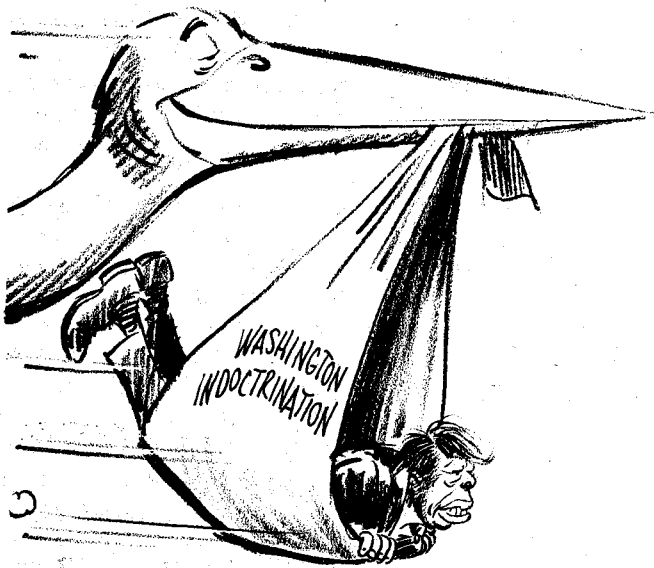
The high point of this ideology came in the years under Lyndon Johnson. The anti-Communist rhetoric was matched only by the welfare-state rhetoric, and both were basic to Johnson's approach. Wars on Asians and wars on poverty were part of the same mentality. The war over there would unify the entire country around the Commander in Chief, while the war back here would insure that no domestic disturbance would interfere with the consensus that U. S. capitalism was indeed the realization of the good life. But the top of a cycle marks the beginning of its decline, and it was precisely the assertion by Johnson that the country could afford both guns and butter which revealed that, though both might be sought, only one could be had. Not only did it become impossible to finance an expanded presence abroad and increased social welfare programs at home but also the defeat of U. S. forces in Asia put into limbo the whole basis of the anti-Communist ideology. By 1968, it was no longer possible to rouse the people over external threats, nor was it possible to unify the party with a combination of welfare and warfare spending. Paralyzed by these contradictions, the Democratic Party went down to defeat in 1968; it has devoted the years since then to putting the pieces together again.

Those same years of Republican rule have made Carter's tasks that much harder. By affecting an economic slowdown in order to discipline the working class and control inflation, the Republicans have forced Carter to deal immediately with unemployment, which cuts into his flexibility as he assumes office. And by sponsoring extremely expensive new weapons systems, the Republicans have also tied their successors into a defense budget which

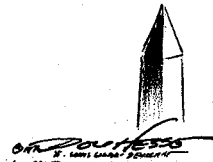
leaves very little room for adjustments. And Carter finds himself desperately in need of elbow room. His administration is likely to be one that alternates between a rhetoric which tells the people how much has to be done and a sustained inability to carry out programs that would satisfy the rhetoric. At the same time the new President will be expected to resolve contradictions that have lain beneath the surface for a number of years, ones which will become ever harder to evade.

What all this suggests is that Carter will find himself facing two extremely formidable political tasks. First, he must try to find some basis for re-establishing the Democratic coalition around a domestic policy that can unify factions which no longer want to be unified. And, second, he will face the problem of creating a foreign policy based on post-Vietnam realities, in which neither aggressive anti-communism nor full-scale war can be considered realistic options. In this situation, it becomes possible to answer the question of whether Carter will appear as a new Populist or simply as an agent of financial capital. He will appear as both. For the general solution of his domestic problems, Carter will adopt a Populistic rhetoric to keep the Left in line; but, to please the Right, he will shy away from programs that would cost money. That will result in a domestic ideology of "symbolic Populism"; Carter will adopt any idea, no matter how radical, if only it does not cost money. And at the same time, the whole purpose of symbolic Populism will be to shore up a base among ordinary people in order to carry out the foreign policy of traditional Wall Street bankers. In the making of foreign policy, even the most mild-mannered Populist slogans will be dropped; here, we can expect President Carter to align himself directly with bankers like David Rockefeller and the intellectuals around the Trilateral Commission.

As far as the welfare state and social services are concerned, Carter's basic urges are conservative. "When there's a choice to be made between the private sector and government sector, my option would be for the private sector to assume the responsibility. When there's a choice to be made between the federal, state, and local levels of government to perform a function, I would prefer that the function be carried out by the level of government closest to the individual citizen." Though the words are indistinguishable from Richard Nixon's New Federalism, they belong to Carter's news conference of October 15. They reveal a man who is hostile to the direction Democratic policy making has taken since the New Deal. Carter understands that there is little political credit to be had these days by being a champion of the poor and oppressed. The fact is that the poor and oppressed do not vote in the United States; the 47 per cent of the population that did not vote for President on November 2 came almost completely from the poorest groups in the population. Among the 53 per cent who did vote, social welfare programs run by the federal government are seen as a financial drain, responsible for the current fiscal crisis. Carter has responded to that belief from the very start of his campaign. Should he now initiate legislation for new social programs, he would find himself



Born Again



under attack from those who have been most sympathetic to his candidacy from the beginning. Aside from a program of health insurance (most likely to be privately run), we can expect few if any new social programs from his administration.

Given this reluctance (and fiscal inability) to continue the New Deal, Carter must find some way to satisfy the Left within his party. Symbolic Populism has already been chosen as the major tactic, and it has four distinctive elements.

First, it requires periodic attacks on elites, with corresponding praise for the little man. Carter's speech at the Democratic convention went so far in this direction that *The New York Times* attacked its demagogic appeals to the masses, a misreading of Carter's intentions. Exactly one week later, speaking at an exclusive luncheon with prominent businessmen, Carter promised full consultation with business on any tax policy and pointedly noted that "my inclination is not to have government make plans for you." As long as he can offset every public outburst of Populistic rhetoric with more private reassurances of his "reliability," Carter can have the best of both worlds. But the fact remains that any man who could call his autobiography *Why Not the Best?* is hardly likely to harbor secret desires of revenge against the elite.

Second, symbolic Populism means attention to gestures, especially ones made with the left hand. It is remarkable how naive some leftists can be, taking any straw in the wind as a sign that the "real" Carter is at heart a man of the people. Thus Robert Scheer seems to feel that because those closest to Carter smoke pot, the lot of the poor in America will improve under his administration. Carter's aides may well have smoked grass with Scheer on the hunch that it would have precisely that

effect on him. The Carter entourage's attention to gestures of this sort is impressive. It has already been announced, for example, that the inauguration will be a people's event, with no sale of tickets to wealthy contributors. Since a gesture of this sort can do a lot to build an image, and since almost no one will be offended (who really cares about the Inauguration Ball?), it is an important and inexpensive component of the Carter-is-a-Populist theme.

Carter will supplement gestures with specific policies that will please the Left and cost little or nothing. On the environment and nuclear energy, on human rights in Chile and on the sale of plutonium to France and Germany, he has taken the most progressive positions ever adopted by an American President. But none of these positions involves significant amounts of government spending, and some of them even suggest savings to the state. This is not to condemn Carter for his statements on nuclear energy, the one hopeful sign in his whole drive for the Presidency, but merely to point out that when he does take a progressive stand, it is on carefully chosen ground. On so-called bread-and-butter issues like the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Act, Carter does not appear quite so enthusiastic.

Finally, symbolic Populism means that whatever decisions are taken will not necessarily be scrupulously implemented. In those periodic confrontations between big corporations and the state that have dominated advanced capitalism, the real struggles are not over legislation but over the administrative process. We have yet to see Carter as an administrator, but the fact that leading Georgia-based capitalists like Paul Austin of Coca-Cola and Thomas B. Lance still advise him indicates that his "governmental reorganization" in that state never bothered the largest companies. In fact, under the guise of government reorganization, we shall probably see attempts to rationalize the work of the administration so that it can operate to the greater benefit of the largest firms. Like Nixon before him, Carter views the Office of Management and Budget as the key arm of the bureaucracy, and his appointment of Lance as head of this bureau will probably reveal a great deal about his plans for the administrative branch. It takes little imagination to envision a Carter administration asking that popular laws be passed, but quietly deflecting their effects within a bureaucracy sensitive to the needs of capital.

Symbolic Populism, however, will probably not survive the first Carter administration. The real wages of the U.S. working class have been shrinking, unemployment is high and will remain so, and there is every sign that the recession will not improve. People can be satisfied with symbols for only so long. What will Carter do when expensive social welfare programs are demanded? There is substantial feeling among Carter advisers like Samuel P. Huntington of Harvard that the problem with such demands is more political than fiscal. They argue that social welfare expenses can be met, but only if their level is determined, not by popular pressure from below but by administrative needs above. If he is unable to restore the New Deal pattern of high spending, and unwilling to risk the Republican gamble of ignoring the working class, Carter may turn to a modified neo-corporatism. Wage

and price controls will be an essential part of this program (up to now, Carter has spoken only of voluntary wage and price controls, another aspect of symbolic Populism). He must also attempt to coordinate a system of national planning through the bureaucracy, denigrating Congress on the ground that it is too "sensitive" to popular pressure. Corporatism is becoming a much abused term, but when symbolic Populism breaks down, much attention will unquestionably be paid to Canada's experience with wage and price controls and with some of the European experiments in planning. As the Trilateral Commission's report *The Governability of Democracy* has boldly suggested, there may soon come a time when the political system will have to be tempered so that the economic system can continue to perform. Carter's membership on the commission, and his intimacy with its resident intellectuals, suggest that he will pay careful attention to advice of that sort.

Ultimately, neither symbolic Populism nor neo-corporatism are the real concerns of major segments of U. S. capital. Given the increasingly important role of multinational corporations (MNCs), investment bankers like George Ball have begun to suggest that the nation-state is "obsolete," even "ridiculous." From their point of view, any domestic policy is tolerable, so long as it allows sufficient scope for managing the world economy. Since they view the potential citizenship of the world of MNCs as the entire population of the planet, that segment living in the United States assumes less importance than in the past. The only purpose of a domestic policy, in their view, is to keep things quiet at home so that MNCs can expand abroad. Depoliticizing the home front is an essential condition for politicizing everything else. Carter's ties to men like Ball and Zbigniew Brzezinski, who have been thinking along these lines since the 1960s, suggest that it is in the realm of foreign policy that a Carter administration will show its true ties to corporate policies.

Brzezinski has written at length about the emergence of a foreign policy based on the indispensability of the multinational corporation, and since he was the only man to be promised an important job by Carter during the campaign, some of his ideas will surely affect the future foreign policy positions of the new administration. In *Between Two Ages*, Brzezinski argues that the advanced capitalist countries have come under the sway of a "global consciousness," while the rest of the world remains under the tutelage of a more parochial "national" consciousness. The former are no longer based on industrial capitalism but on a post-capitalist "technotronic" revolution, in which communications, knowledge, and capital-intensive, high-technology industries dominate. Although the analogy escapes him, Brzezinski is saying that the world economy now resembles the U.S. economy of the World War I period. Then "national" corporate types associated with the National Civic Federation were upset by their far more parochial colleagues in the National Association of Manufacturers. Their solution was to organize themselves through the state and try to control the whole economy. Similarly, the world situation today requires that farsighted nations organize themselves in order to

control not the state but the whole world system. At the end of *Between Two Ages*, Brzezinski suggests that the nations of Western Europe combine with Japan and the United States into a trilateral alliance, thus insuring that "global" consciousness will prevail over obstacles placed in its way.

Never a man to separate his theory from his praxis, Brzezinski convinced David Rockefeller to finance such an alliance, producing the Trilateral Commission and making him the executive director. In addition, he began to refine his analysis. In a forthcoming book, *America in a Hostile World*, Brzezinski finds that the spirit of "liberty," which once dominated the United States, is becoming incompatible with a spirit of "equality" rising out of the Third World. The overriding question of trilateral foreign policy becomes one of meeting this challenge. Kissinger's response, according to Brzezinski, was one of retrenchment. By politicizing foreign relations into a contest between the free world and its opponents, the Republicans came dangerously close to producing "capitalism in one country." America, says Brzezinski, simply must find a way to respond to egalitarian forces throughout the world, but without getting its back up. Dramatic confrontations, support for Fascist regimes, heavy reliance on covert operations—these are not the proper techniques. The fundamental reality is that since Vietnam the ability of the United States to control the world has been shattered, and what we must do is recognize limitations and develop a strategy for gaining the largest possible role, given those limitations. Then we can go about the business of implementing a new world strategy.

Brzezinski essentially proposes a two-tiered strategy to this end. Within the Trilateral countries, fairly traditional anti-communism must be the rule, for we cannot have important members of the alliance leaving the capitalist orbit. The United States should maintain its defense posture in Western Europe. Indeed, when it comes to places like Italy, some of the Trilateral types like George Ball sound like the raving anti-Communists of the 1950s. But just as too many demands on the state at home produce a fiscal crisis, too many military demands on the state must also be avoided. For dealings with the Third World, excessive military intervention is frowned upon. Instead, a new strategy for control must be found, one that is flexible and, like symbolic Populism, does not severely tax the state's resources. According to Brzezinski, the logical mechanism is the multinational corporation itself.

For Brzezinski, the MNC is the modern version of America's commitment to liberty. Maximum freedom for MNCs to expand and control the world is the best way to prove to the world that the spirit of America is not dead. True, equality is also desirable, but a peaceful world in which multinationals create markets for consumer goods in Third World countries can offer an alternative to worldwide class warfare and instability if notions of equality are not allowed to interfere. Brzezinski, in other words, has an economic vision comparable to Kissinger's political one. It is not, he says, a balance of power and the careful manipulations of diplomats that we need but a worldwide economic harmony and something resembling the "invisible hand" of the 18th and 19th centuries. The

GOP, which distrusts the state at home, uses it extensively abroad; while the Democratic Party, which advocates state intervention at home, is becoming the party of laissez faire abroad. If it can remain true to capitalism and economic liberty, says Brzezinski, then "it is only America that has the power to shape a hostile world for itself." The vision is as global and expansionary as Kissinger's but the means to make it a reality are different.

But like symbolic Populism, a strategy of multinational domination is naive at best. Pressures from below exist in the world just as they do in the nation. Demands for equality are not likely to be satisfied for long by consumer goods and free markets. If Carter is to make Brzezinski his Kissinger, or anything like that, he will discover that the whole notion will collapse in the face of sufficient revolutionary sentiment throughout the Third World. In that case, he would in all probability respond as he would to a breakdown of symbolic Populism at home—that is, by shifting to more authoritarian measures. When he was Ambassador to the United Nations, Daniel Patrick Moynihan expressed the view that, if the Third World does not cooperate, the few remaining liberal democracies should tell them to get off the boat. Such sentiments can

be expected to have substantial appeal once more and more countries decide that they will decide their own future, and not have U.S. multinationals decide it for them.

The very reticence of Jimmy Carter makes speculation about his probable actions essential. If he is given a free hand by the failure of the U.S. working class to challenge his actions at home and of Third World countries to counter his strategy abroad, attention to the ideas of men like Brzezinski and to the concept of symbolic Populism will be the best way to understand his actions. The critical and as yet unknown element is whether those strategies will be challenged. Both in domestic and in foreign policy, the guiding factor is not what Carter will try to do but the limitations on what he can do. The United States is a declining hegemonic power; its failures both at home and in the world over the past ten or fifteen years have been staggering. Carter is presiding over decline, not expansion, over limitations, not over options. In order to understand what his administration will do, it is important to examine the ideas of his advisers, but it is far more important to watch and to aid those majoritarian sentiments within and outside the United States that can prevent America's leaders from managing their decline at the expense of everybody else. □

'SCOTTSBORO BOY' IN FLORIDA

THE DELBERT TIBBS CASE

TERRY CANNON

A serious crime takes place involving white people. The perpetrator of the crime, allegedly Black, is not found. Delbert Tibbs, travelling alone on a personal odyssey to collect material for a novel he is writing, is stopped for hitchhiking. A scapegoat is found. The nightmare begins.

With these words the *Chicago Defender* describes the situation of a young black poet who has been ordered to stand retrial, beginning December 14, for rape and murder. His life is thus at stake, for the second time, in the year when the last surviving Scottsboro defendant was finally granted a pardon. Similarities in the two cases show that "Scottsboroism" has hardly passed from the American legal scene.

The praise of one's associates often waits for trials and funerals. Delbert Tibbs, 37, from Chicago, was described at his trial in Fort Myers, Fla. as "a concerned, conscientious, gentle young man" by attorney Anna Langford, member of the Chicago City Council. Rev. Charles Mack, professor of religion at Cardinal Mundelein College, remembers his "concern for theological studies and creative writing."

Tibbs had no previous arrest record. He was involved in community improvement movements in Chicago,

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worked as a youth counselor, supported progressive electoral candidates, drug abuse programs and civil rights struggles on Chicago's South Side. An honorably discharged veteran, Tibbs attended Chicago City College and the Chicago Theological Seminary. His poetry and prose have appeared in *Black World* and other publications. Poets, writers and artists have contributed their work to help raise money for his defense. His reputation is exemplary.

Yet on December 14, 1974, Delbert Tibbs heard himself condemned to death in the electric chair for a vicious crime he did not commit.

On February 3, 1974, Tibbs was in Daytona Beach, on the first leg of a hitchhiking trip through the South. He was gathering first-hand material and experiences for a novel. He often traveled this way. As his funds were low, he, like many other young people, spent most of his nights in Daytona sleeping on the beach.

That afternoon, 400 miles away, a young white woman and her male traveling companion—so the record states—were offered a ride by "a black man in a blue-green pickup truck." The man drove the couple to a remote field near Fort Myers, Fla., where he shot the young man in the shoulder, raped the woman and then shot the wounded man to death.

Delbert Tibbs, in Daytona Beach, heard nothing of

the crime, but an alert had gone out to police across the state. When he arrived in Ocala on February 7, he was stopped by the local police who were routinely checking all black hitchhikers and drivers of trucks. After photographing Tibbs, they released him, giving him a "safe conduct pass" to show police if he were stopped again.

The Ocala police released him because Tibbs—a tall, slender man with a very light complexion, smooth skin and a mustache—did not at all resemble the description of the murderer-rapist—a heavy man, "very dark," with a pockmarked face and probably no mustache. In racist fashion, the woman had described her attacker as "a nigger with woolly hair, like they all have." She had worked with a police artist to compile a drawing of her assailant. It didn't look at all like Tibbs.

The surviving victim was Cynthia Nadeau, 16, a chronic runaway since the age of 12. She admitted on the witness stand that she was a regular drug user and that she'd tried "everything except the needle." She was running away from the man she had lived with in St. Petersburg. She and another man were hitchhiking south down the west coast of Florida. She had smoked three marijuana joints the day of the crime.

After escaping from her assailant early in the evening of February 3, she reached police and told them a confused story. Her account of times and places varied with each telling. She tried at first to give them a false name. She told them the killer had thrown the murder weapon in a nearby lake, but there was no lake nearby. Fort Myers police investigators showed her some 200 photos of black men. She could identify none as her attacker.

Rape and murder were emotional issues in Florida that year. The crime rate was up, and State Atty. Gen. Robert Shevin was leading a campaign for "strong doors and good locks," which tended to overlook the deeper causes of crime. Previous rapes in the Fort Myers area had aroused community tensions. When the news got around of a black rapist-murderer on the loose, racism was added to the general hysteria.

Racism is a part of life in Fort Myers. For some time, city and county officials have blocked initiatives by a coalition of community, civil rights and church groups calling to ban racial discrimination in housing, jobs, credit and public accommodations.

Three federal investigations have probed into Fort Myers's racially segregated jail, budgeting practices that deny minority neighborhoods a just share of federal revenue-sharing moneys, and charges of a rigged electoral machine that prevents the election of black candidates.

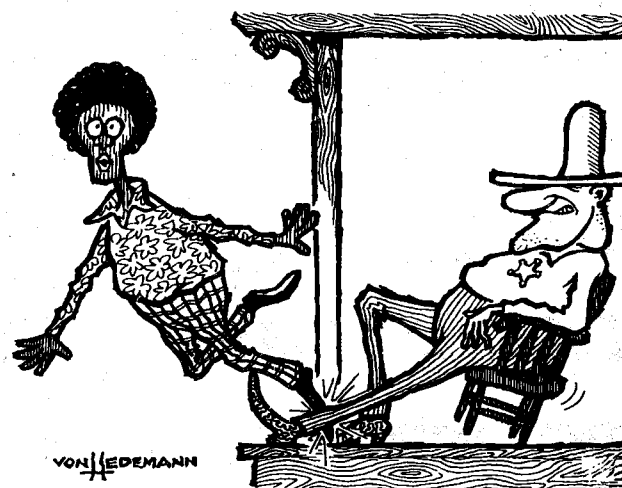
This was the locale of the crime and therefore of the trial. The scene was set for finding a suspect of convenience. On February 13, the Fort Myers police received copies of the Polaroid photos taken of Tibbs in Ocala. Normal police practice is—or should be—to place any photos for identification among other photos. Instead, these photographs, and only these, were shown to Cynthia Nadeau. She identified Tibbs as her assailant, though he looked nothing like the man she had been describing for more than a week.

On March 13, Tibbs was arrested near his aunt's home

in Mississippi. The Mississippi Highway Patrol knew exactly where to find him, because Tibbs, cooperating completely, had told the Ocala police a month before what his itinerary would be. Hardly the behavior of a killer on the run.

Again cooperating fully, Tibbs waived extradition and agreed to return to Florida to appear in a voluntary line-up in Fort Myers, certain he would be exonerated. By this time, Tibbs's photo had been splashed through all the local papers. He was *the* suspect, not just a man in a line-up. Nadeau identified him again. He was placed in Lee County Jail without bond for nine months to await trial. The Fort Myers police closed their case. They had their man.

When the trial opened on Wednesday, December 11, 1974, Circuit Court Judge Thomas Shands expressed hope from the bench that it would be over by Friday. He seemed to think it an open-and-shut case, and there-



after showed little interest in the problems of the defense. The prosecutor was the Assistant State Attorney, James R. Long, an ambitious Fort Myers politician.

Tibbs was defended by attorney George C. Howard of Chicago, secured by the Delbert Tibbs Defense Fund in that city. Among those active on the Chicago defense committee are Donald Sloan of the Chicago Urban League, Illinois legislator Charles Gaines, and Tibbs's brother, Roy Tibbs, Assistant Chief Deputy in the Cook County Sheriff's Department. Only one black person was presented for the jury panel and he was quickly dismissed by the state during *voir dire*. The resulting all-white jury was composed of seven men and five women, most of them retired.

The evidence that convicted Tibbs was threefold:

Nadeau's testimony: She was the only witness who attempted to place Tibbs within 225 miles of Fort Myers before, during or after the crime. No one else who had seen him could be found in the Fort Myers area. Asked by defense attorney Howard how she reconciled her original description of the rapist-killer as "very dark" and "pockmarked" with the very light color and clear complexion of Tibbs, her explanation was, "maybe he changed colors." This was corroborated by Lee County sheriff's investigator Tom Wallace (the man who had

first shown Nadeau the photos of Tibbs) who actually testified that Tibbs's color had lightened "many shades between arrest and trial"! This biological anomaly was allowed by the judge to stand, and was apparently swallowed whole by the all-white jury.

No material evidence was produced to link Tibbs with the crime or the Fort Myers area. There was no gun. It had been thrown into a nonexistent lake, according to Nadeau, and could therefore not be found. The police never located the pickup truck. There was no evidence that Tibbs had owned or used either a gun or a truck while in Florida.

Testimony of an informer: In an attempt to support Nadeau's contradictory and vague testimony, the prosecutor produced his other major witness, who turned out to be even less credible. Sylvester Gibbs is a small-time hood serving a life sentence for an admitted rape. Obviously hoping for a reward, Gibbs offered to testify that Tibbs had confessed the rape-murder to him in jail. He first told his story to sheriff's investigators who dismissed him as a liar. The State Attorney's office, however, leaped at the chance to bolster its case.

Testifying in "a low, almost inaudible mumble," according to the *Miami Herald*, Gibbs claimed first that Tibbs had confessed to him at a date three weeks before Tibbs was brought to the jail. Under cross-examination by Howard, he withdrew his statement that he had known Tibbs two or three weeks at the time of his "confession."

"Were you lying?" Howard asked the man on the stand.

Directed by Judge Shands to answer, Gibbs stared at the defense attorney and finally answered, "Right." Nevertheless, Gibbs's story was allowed to stand as the second pillar of the prosecution's case.

The Orlando registration card: A surprise piece of evidence introduced by the prosecution was a registration card made out in Tibbs's name for the Salvation Army Mission in Orlando, Fla., and dated February 4, the day after the crime. Orlando is more than 150 miles from Fort Myers, and the card proves nothing about Tibbs's involvement. It did, however, damage his credibility, since he had testified to being in Daytona Beach from February 1 to 6. Tibbs and his lawyer maintain that the card is a forgery. They offered witnesses who could testify that the signature does not match that of Tibbs; the witnesses were not allowed to appear.

On December 14, the trial ended. The defense was allowed one hour for its final argument. The jury was out for ninety minutes. When it returned a guilty verdict and recommended the death penalty, Anna Langford, Chicago City Alderman, who had come to Fort Myers as a character witness for Tibbs, burst into tears, reached across the wooden balustrade and clutched Tibbs's hand.

After the trial, defense attorney Howard commented bitterly, "After practicing criminal law for fourteen years (and 300 murder trials), I've never had a case resulting in this kind of conviction where there was absolutely no evidence against the client. But this case is a very dangerous thing. It means those in authority can rig any kind of case against a person, and the law doesn't mean

a thing. It's the oldest trick in the country—a 'nigger' did the killing—and the citizens of the United States and the state of Florida bought it."

The following month, Tibbs, his case on appeal, wrote a letter to be read at public meetings on his behalf in the Unitarian-Universalist Churches of Fort Myers and Boca Raton. "Good morning, brothers and sisters," it began, and said in part: "Your gathering tells me—tells the world—that the agencies of the state—the law and all the appurtenances of government, must be responsive to the people and consistent to the principle of justice for all people, always. Your coming together tells me—tells the world—that you, unlike so many as the times show, seriously believe that justice is not a divine right of the rich and powerful.

"I am not schooled in the law, so I do not pretend to exercise myself in legal matters. I am, however, a relatively conscious human being. I know when my rights are denied me. I thank all of you for saying by your actions that you, too, believe that I have been denied those rights."

On July 26, the Florida Supreme Court, by a 4-to-3 vote, reversed Tibbs's death sentence and granted him a new trial on the basis of the incredibility of the witnesses and the lack of material evidence. One member of the court, Justice Boyd, felt strongly that Tibbs should be set free without further trial.

The court expressed "considerable doubt that Delbert Tibbs is the man who committed the crimes for which he has been convicted." It said: "There is no evidence to support the testimony of Cynthia Nadeau . . . her testimony is so riddled with conflicts and is so inherently unreliable that his conviction and attendant death sentence should be reversed." To the words of Sylvester Gibbs, the court gave "no credence," adding that his testimony "appears to be the product of purely selfish considerations."

Response in the press to the reversal was broadly favorable. The *Miami Daily News* called it "a startling but welcome decision." However, not everyone welcomed the ruling. Assistant Atty. Gen. Raymond L. Marky called for a reconsideration by the Supreme Court, a request joined by the Florida Prosecuting Attorneys Association. In a sharply worded brief, Marky charged that by its decision the court had "in effect denied the people of the state of Florida a trial by jury."

The critics argue that matters of evidence are not the province of the Supreme Court but of the trial jury. This argument leaves open what is to be done with a prejudiced or incompetent jury. Should the higher courts stand helplessly by?

The majority opinion on the court anticipated these objections in its statement. "We recognize that the resolution of factual issues in a criminal trial is peculiarly within the province of a jury," the four Justices wrote, "but in this case a man's life has been placed in jeopardy and the legislature has directed that we review the 'entire record.'"

Despite this victory, Delbert Tibbs is still very much in danger. Pretrial motions are scheduled to begin on

December 14 in Fort Myers, the original venue of the trial. A Fort Myers judge, Jack Sconover, has been selected to preside over the new trial. According to the Florida Alliance Against Repression, the current prosecuting attorney is deluging Fort Myers with statements prejudicial to Tibbs and the Florida Supreme Court.

There are forces determined to re-convict him. Lee County Sheriff Frank Wanicka, whose office handled the investigation, told a reporter after the Supreme Court ruling, "We'll be ready to try him again and I hope we send him off this time." This determination is reflected in the fact that now, nearly three years after the crime, authorities claim to have found two witnesses who can place Tibbs in the Fort Myers area at the time of the assault. A major element in the court's order of a new trial was its opinion that "not one shred of evidence was developed to place Tibbs in the Fort Myers area on or near February 3, 1974." Someone is working hard

to plug the enormous holes in the case against him. Tibbs will be defended at the retrial by attorney Jerry Paul, who recently won acquittal for Jo Ann Little in her Raleigh, N.C. murder trial.

Tibbs's supporters are demanding that he be granted a significant change of venue from Fort Myers, that he be tried by an integrated jury of his peers, and that any witnesses judged unreliable or incompetent by the Florida Supreme Court not be allowed to testify against him.

Last year, Tibbs wrote from jail to the members of his defense committee, addressing them as "individuals who believe the well-known and too true history of this part of the nation for the swiftness with which . . . the agencies of law and order have lynched, legally, so many black men for the crimes with which I am charged. To you I say thanks."

Full thanks cannot yet be given, for Delbert Tibbs is not free. □

THE NUCLEAR DISSIDENTS

WHAT THEY CAN TELL CONGRESS

PETER KOVLER

Washington

Several nuclear safety experts may make public their dissatisfaction with current Nuclear Regulatory Commission safety standards at Congressional hearings set for mid-December. The decisions of these scientists and engineers, all of them employees of the NRC, to testify or not to testify before the Senate Government Operations Committee will depend on whether their fears about potential nuclear reactor disasters outweigh their fears for their jobs. Several of them have told me they want to speak to the Congress because their warnings about nuclear hazards are being ignored by the NRC. However, they say that for the past several months they have been intimidated and harassed by their superiors, and that they fear more pressure. They also believe that, if they "go public," they will be blacklisted by the NRC and the rest of the nuclear industry.

If they do decide to talk, it will probably be the most courageous moment in their lives: these men are not independently wealthy, they have families to support and their only trade is nuclear power. For them, no job in the nuclear industry is likely to mean no job at all.

According to a Senate investigator, there are more than twenty men who might "blow the whistle." Most of them are technical reviewers. Essentially, their work is to examine the details of a manufacturer's (General Electric and Westinghouse are two of the biggest) design for a plant and decide if it meets government regulations. If they testify, the gravamen of their charges will be that their objections are disregarded by higher level NRC

Peter Kovler lives in Washington. He is a free-lance writer and also works on a Congressional staff.

administrators; and that, in effect, the NRC places the interest of the manufacturers above that of the public.

The technical problems raised by the men are varied and extremely complex. The potential dangers include possible electrical system failures, steam-line breaks and "random single failures" in essential power equipment. Some of these problems, the NRC employees claim, could cause equipment failure in the nuclear power plants and the eventual release of radioactivity.

Technical issues, however, may play only a small role in the hearings. It seems more likely that the focus will be on the quality of the NRC's process of review. According to a committee staff member, it is the job of the Government Operations Committee to make sure that NRC employees "can openly discuss the merits of safety measures." This staff member believes that open discussion is not now occurring. (It is widely known that Government Operations—rather than the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy—is conducting the hearings because the JCAE rarely questions the work of the commission.)

In interviews at which the employees requested complete anonymity (even to the point of not describing their individual technical problems, lest they be recognized by their areas of expertise) I was repeatedly told of NRC harassment. Said one man: "It has gotten to the level where the tension is so great that the individual issues have been almost forgotten. All I did," he continued, "was begin to ask a few questions about a particular power plant. Just questions. And then I was immediately removed from the system."

Another man, a scientist, said he followed the normal NRC system of filing a grievance and, as a result, was taken off his job. "They give you no reasons, but they

remove you from your area of expertise. And so what happens? In my case, there was nobody skilled or experienced enough that was working on my old problem. And I was in this new office, just sitting." One other scientist informed me that a common NRC method of review was to instill into employees "fear and terror."

In addition, all the interviewed dissidents saw a total deterioration in the morale of the commission. Said one: "I think I am like the others when I say that I came here years ago [to the NRC's forerunner, the Atomic Energy Commission], eager to do a good job. But then when I saw a problem and began to ask about it, my reviewers said they did not have time for it . . . that the issue was too small. I thought the system would work through internal processes. But I exhausted these. I now feel the whole system here is corrupt and it looks as if I will have to do what Pollard and Fluegge did [two NRC employees who resigned this year]. Actually, I

would not be able to live with myself if I did not come out. I don't want my kids to grow up in a world that is run by these unscrupulous jerks."

In January 1975, the Atomic Energy Commission was split into two new agencies: the NRC which would regulate, and the Energy, Research and Development Administration which would advocate, nuclear energy. In spite of the formal change, however, many think the NRC still has an "advocacy mentality." However, its chairman, Marcus Rowden, maintains that "the mission of the NRC is to protect the public in the uses of nuclear facilities and materials." This includes safeguarding American commercial nuclear power plants, as well as the transportation of nuclear materials and the disposal of nuclear wastes.

In retrospect, 1975 was a calm year, because 1976 has been tumultuous. The present hearings are just the latest in a series of public appeals or outbursts by NRC em-

Open Letter

EDDIE BUNKER WA

Norman Carlson, Director
U.S. Bureau of Prisons
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Carlson: I'm writing this "open" letter because on the few occasions in the last five years where I've written you sealed letters, I'm not certain that you *see* them, much less consider the content. Actually, I cannot expect you to see each letter; you administer about forty penal institutions with over 20,000 inmates. However, the name of everyone in the Bureau of Prisons central office below you is unknown to 99 per cent of those inmates. . . . Eventually I receive a short, form letter from some . . . bureaucratic gnome in the Western Regional Office. Nor has he given an answer. He has always referred it back to the institution's bureaucrats. If they had been able to rectify the problem I never would have written you initially. Moreover, their answer is also an evasion: they make no decisions, but simply follow whatever "policy statement" seems to fit, a policy statement bearing your signature. . . . The situation has Kafkaesque overtones, particularly I am reminded of Josef K in *The Trial*. He didn't know who his judges were; I don't know who runs the Bureau of Prisons or how to get a response other than a referral back to those who cannot make a decision.

My immediate problem has to do with work release. The Congress of the United States enacted legislation allowing, among other things such as furloughs, work release programs. Terminal Island, where I'm now confined, has no work release program, per se. Because of overcrowding it was moved out to Community Treatment Centers, the modern name for halfway houses. The Congress didn't specify when a person would be eligible. Your "policy" is that an inmate can go on school release one year from "probable" release, and on work release six months from "probable" release. Similarly, the inmate is eligible for a halfway house with six months [to go]. Terminal Island, however, has created its own policy of three months to a halfway house, thus emasculating both the school and work release programs and negating the intent of the Congress.

My personal situation and dilemma emanates from this. I am within six months of release after *full term*. In various training documents and policy statements you speak of "case needs," of having flexibility in dealing with individual or specialized problems. This philosophy is too nebulous for the average bureaucrat; they *prefer* not to make decisions. Moreover, in this particular institution I cannot win any popularity contest with the officials because of critical articles I've written in *The Nation* and the *Los Angeles Times* about things that were definitely not approved by "policy," such as giving a man a forced enema and handcuffing him for twelve hours to a bedpan, and about putting a psychotic mental patient in a stripped disciplinary segregation cell, a man who was known to be suicidal; he thereupon hung himself to death after three weeks in darkness. . . .

The Honorable Jesse W. Curtis of the U.S. District Court just modified my sentence to the point where I would have been released some months ago except for forfeited good time taken by the Institution Disciplinary Committee for a variety of infractions. The Committee took 100 days for possessing a ten dollar bill. Ten minutes before they had taken six days from someone else for having \$50. On another occasion, I refused to go to the committee and they forfeited 162 days for several infractions—refusing an order, self-mutilation, a "positive" urinalysis. I admit that the policy allows them to act without my presence if I refuse to appear. However, they failed to notify me of their finding, and of the evidence it was based upon, and of the right to appeal the decision through administrative channels. I didn't even *know* it for nine months, and wasn't *officially* notified for thirteen months. When I then sought administrative remedy, they told me it was mere "oversight." Your "policy" says I must be notified; the "limited" due process guarantees of prisoners enumerated by the Supreme Court of the United States weren't complied with. Moreover, your "policy" says that forfeiture of good time must be reviewed within one year; it has now been fourteen months and they haven't complied with that requirement either.

Those things are picayune to my present situation. In

ployees. The trouble began to emerge last February, when one of the commission's forty-eight project managers, Robert Pollard, resigned over safety issues. Pollard charged "cover-ups."

Also last winter, it became widely known that the director of the commission's Safeguards Division was seriously disturbed about safety. In a memorandum to his staff, Carl Builder wrote: "I am concerned that some or even many of our currently licensed facilities may not have safeguards which are adequate against the lowest level of design threat we are considering. . . ." He also wrote that he was "not in a position to judge current safeguards [against nuclear theft] as adequate or inadequate."

Last month, Daniel J. Daugherty of the NRC's Office of Inspector and Auditor resigned. He was an investigator whose job had included work on a "secret" NRC report named the "McTiernan Report" (after the NRC's

chief investigator Thomas McTiernan). It runs to 300 pages and represents the NRC's attempt to collect the views of employees who disagree with commission policies. NRC chiefs feel it offered employees an opportunity to be totally honest. Dissident employees feel it has been used to find out who is trying to create difficulties for the commission. In any case, while Daugherty has refused to explain why he resigned, he has reportedly said that he did so on a matter of conscience.

Also in November, an agency reactor engineer, Ronald Fluegge, quit the NRC. In his letter of resignation, he accused the committee of having "covered up or brushed aside nuclear safety problems of far-reaching significance. . . . We are allowing dozens of large nuclear plants to operate in populated areas, despite known safety deficiencies that could result in very serious accidents."

Most recently, in November, ten NRC scientists and engineers described safety problems they felt were being

from Prison

IS TO GO STRAIGHT

less than six months I am going to be released come hell or high water. If I had the forfeited good days restored I would be gone already. If you truly deal with "case needs" and are concerned with an individual "making it" in the community, you would see that I go on work release. . . . As I know you know, Dustin Hoffman is in pre-production to make a film based on my first novel. Photography is set for January 30. My contract calls for me to act as a technical adviser. As he has written you, he will give me employment immediately on release to assist in finding locations, etc. That opportunity will not exist six months from now. In addition to that, CBS has assigned a writer, Robert Dellinger, himself an ex-convict, to prepare a docu-drama script of my life for a television movie. My agreement there calls for me to work as a technical consultant. Also, my second novel, *Animal Factory*, will be published by Viking Press on its spring list, and they will be able to use me for promotion. Herbert Hirschman, a film and television producer, has purchased the rights to make this second novel into a movie, and the contract calls for me to write the first draft screenplay. The contract also has a clause, "if available." He, too, is anxious to get the show on the road.

All these things exist now; they are the fleeting chance at the brass ring. I am not a John Ehrlichman, or Timothy Leary, or even Clifford Irving, someone who had what millions envy and befouled their nests. I was put in foster homes at age 4, sent to reform school at 10, to San Quentin at 17. I'm a four-time loser and a drug addict. Without these things going for me, my chances of successful adjustment in the community are about 3 per cent. Six more months will not rehabilitate me if I'm not already, and rehabilitation often depends on the person's situation as much as himself. Six more months will not protect society, if society needs protection from me. Six more months wouldn't even be much punishment to me except for the things I have going now, the things that will plug me into society, for the first time in my life. The money for being a technical adviser will insure that I'm financially secure, though I'll have a fair sum even without it.

I have a severe narcotic problem. I don't believe that methadone is a panacea for drug addiction, but I believe it is the lesser evil for me and will remove the reason I've committed crimes. I have been accepted by a methadone program, a private program that is also a contract halfway house for the Bureau of Prisons—the Suicide Prevention Center in Los Angeles. I'm paying \$175 per month for the methadone; so it isn't taxpayer funds. This is arranged for whenever I'm available. The methadone program is administered by the same people who run the halfway house for you. Certainly Terminal Island isn't providing any drug treatment program. In the quarterly reports you receive from various wardens, you are told of the drug situation here—and in nearly every institution of the Bureau of Prisons. I concede that the problem is insoluble and not your fault. To erase it would require going back to 19th-century penology—and that might not be efficacious. Nonetheless, that is my problem and the halfway house would also treat it with the only thing that is going to help.

The purpose of halfway houses is to create a bridge for the individual going back to the community, not a reward for meritorious conduct in prison. I'm the archetype of the person they were designed for, if not the kind of person who usually goes to them. The purpose of work release is to get the individual established in the community instead of sending him out cold and broke. Although that isn't precisely my problem, this is the one chance I've had in my entire life—and one made by my own efforts (when prison officials told me it was "unrealistic" to aspire to be a writer) with years of failure.

In summation: the Institution Disciplinary Committee did not follow the Supreme Court decisions or the Bureau of Prisons policy statements in taking my good time. I can't believe it is right to add six months to a sentence and not notify the individual. They also didn't follow the policy and review the forfeiture in one year. Every piece of logic and every argument except vengeance dictates that I, at the very least, be allowed on a work release program. Thank you.

Respectfully yours, Edward Bunker

either insufficiently examined or ignored. They did so in response to a memo from the director of the commission's Office of Nuclear Reactor Regulation (NRR), Ben Rusche, asking them to list "any significant technical issues [that] are presently being treated inadequately by the staff."

This Rusche memo and the answers to it have become the subject of much controversy. Rusche feels that it was yet another chance for employees to let their misgivings be known. In his memo, he added: "You can be assured that no adverse personnel action or retribution of any kind will result from your expression [of views]." But many of the dissidents feel their answers might be used as one more means to harass them. Others thought it could be a whitewash. One scientist said it reminded him "almost exactly" of a meaningless memo issued last February after the resignation of Pollard.

In addition, it has been alleged that much of the harassment has come from Director Rusche and the men directly beneath him. Rusche denies this. He says he has spoken to his staff "in large assembled groups and individually," and that all employees have had an adequate chance to express their displeasure. He cites the McTier-nan report and his recent memo as evidence of his desire to cooperate. And, Rusche adds, if there are such "great problems, then why are there only ten out of 600 NRR employees who are unhappy? It seems that most are satisfied and have taken advantage of the process review."

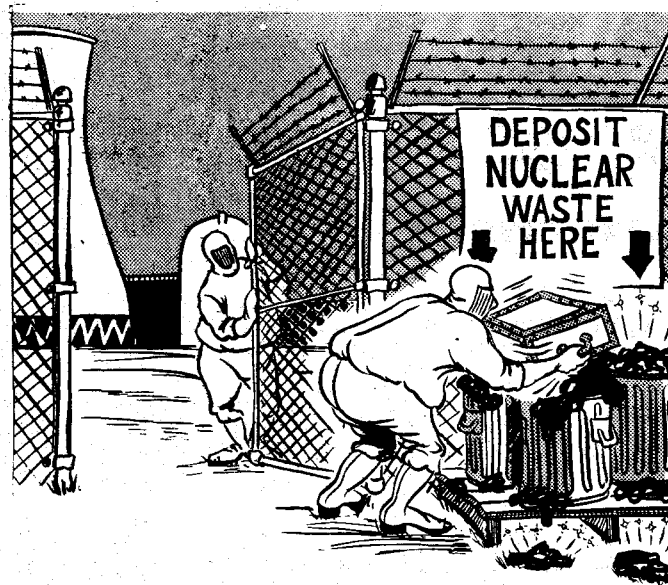
The dissidents counter by saying that Rusche is unreliable and is covering up his own role in the bullying of employees. Their main objection is that, while Rusche claims to want to hear their complaints, he in fact uses such information to punish them. To stay clean with Rusche, they say, you have to approve virtually everything the manufacturers propose to do. They believe that the silence of their fellow employees reflects the widespread fear in the organization.

Perhaps the most important question at present hangs on the timing of events. For twenty years nuclear energy has been used in this country, and few within the industry objected publicly. Why, all of a sudden, are nuclear employees speaking out against the regulation of the industry?

One hypothesis is that nuclear personnel are beginning to feel an enormous sense of responsibility. While Ralph Nader and others express concern about a future when we may need a "nuclear priesthood," these men have to be considered today's priests. They seem to feel burdened by their basic task—to judge whether or not a nuclear plant is safe. As one House Interior Committee staff member described it: "These men must make the decisions and it is conceivable that they just haven't been trained well enough for it. They went to school and learned how to solve problems as engineers or scientists. And, perhaps, it is just too much to ask them to make these great decisions."

NRC Commissioner Victor Gilinsky, the commissioner (there are four) generally believed to be the most open-minded on nuclear energy policy, has also spoken on this subject. He thinks there are a variety of reasons for the

unrest: "Pollard had a range of issues and after he left we did a tremendous review. Fluegge was another case. He had a particular problem dealing with overpressurization [a problem that could cause the failure of the steel structure containing the nuclear reactor]. I spent a good deal of time with Fluegge and there was no question but that he was deeply concerned. And on this problem there seemed to be a huge difference in scientific viewpoint. It was a matter of judgment.



Konopacki

"In these latest cases," he continued, referring to some of the people who may testify, "I think that there were some that were personnel problems and not a matter of safety.

"But I do think we must look more carefully at the guidelines these guys have. Perhaps they have too much to decide. They have a terribly hard job and here they are, on the firing line, all of the time."

Another point of view comes from a Senate Government Operations Committee staff member, who suggests that this could all have been "triggered by Watergate. I think that people like these are beginning to feel more comfortable with the role of 'blowing the whistle'! And, they do not want to see a nuclear accident which could be attributed to them."

And one of the NRC dissidents believes that the cause could be attributed to the Gerald Ford White House. He recalls that in the summer of 1975, orders came down to limit the number of safety questions. He thinks this might be related to the President's decision last year to push for more nuclear power plants. "Suddenly we were told to put most of our questions under the classification of 'generic items' [rather than continuing to list them as 'outstanding safety issues' which would be presented to higher-level decision makers]. And who knew what that meant? No one ever knew if a generic item would ever be dealt with."

Whatever the reasons, the NRC—like the whole nuclear industry—is being challenged. What is perhaps most surprising about it is that almost all the challengers favor nuclear energy. They believe that, at least as a short-term

fuel source, nuclear energy is a feasible alternative. Says one dissident: "I am not anti-nuclear; I am pro-safety." However they are distinctly not pro-NRC. Almost all of them insist that, if it continues to operate as it has in the past—and if it continues to overlook problems—then the use of nuclear power should be stopped.

Even if this hearing is in some way vitiated, a House committee is planning hearings for early next year. Morris Udall, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Energy

and the Environment, sent a letter last month to NRC Chairman Rowden, notifying him that it may be necessary for the subcommittee to look into the problem. Udall stated that there must be a mechanism "whereby NRC staff can make known their concerns without jeopardizing their careers." Thus, it now seems inevitable that the NRC will have to account for itself—in public. And that, perhaps as much as any other factor, may determine the future of nuclear energy in this country. □

HALTING THE RUSH TO POWER

WISCONSIN SETS THE ATOM BACK

JAMES ROWEN

In June 1974, Wisconsin's four largest electric power companies announced plans to construct a mammoth, twin-towered 1,800-megawatt nuclear generating station on the shores of Lake Koshkonong in the rural southeastern part of the state [see Rowen: "Madison Says 'No,'" *The Nation*, August 17, 1974]. This site, claimed the nuclear consortium, was the best of five alternatives, and it hoped to begin construction by 1975. That set off the biggest battle over nuclear power in Wisconsin, with the result that the plant's many opponents have now all but won perhaps the largest victory in the nationwide movement to halt the perilous rush to nuclear power.

Within a forty-eight-hour period in early November, two state regulatory agencies delivered a one-two punch to the power consortium's Koshkonong scheme. Both agencies, the Public Service Commission (PSC) and the Department of Natural Resources (DNR), are usually perceived as little more than rubber-stamp machines for utility expansion plans; never before had they taken such aggressive roles as first to cripple, then effectively to kill, a power plant proposal.

On November 8, the PSC ordered one of the four Koshkonong partners, Madison Gas and Electric Co., to sell its 7 per cent share of the project within ninety days. The commission determined that the Madison utility, with a limited service territory and relatively stable number of customers, would not need the future generating capacity which Koshkonong would provide. In making this judgment, the PSC rejected the company's forecasts of electrical demand and substituted its own. Furthermore, the regulatory agency ruled that the Madison utility, whose already shaky financial position had required several rate increases in the past three years, could not afford the large monetary investment in Koshkonong which the partnership required. Koshkonong's final costs have ballooned 50 per cent since 1974, with a projected price tag now of more than \$1.4 billion, so the Madison firm's share of the estimated costs stood at \$100 million. The PSC stated that the medium-sized utility could not meet these obligations and remain competitive in the capital market.

James Rowen is assistant to the Mayor of Madison and a volunteer in the Wisconsin movement against the Koshkonong nuclear plant.

None of the three remaining project partners has yet rushed forward to pick up the available 7 per cent of the Koshkonong funding, which may also include \$2 million to \$3 million in so-called "irretrievable losses"—expenses incurred when the utilities made investments in plant studies and equipment commitments *before* the necessary state licenses had been issued. The project's organized opposition, Concerned Citizens of Wisconsin (CCOW), won a ruling from the PSC that all pre-licensing expenditures were to be made at the stockholders'—not ratepayers'—risk. While such spending had previously been seen as normal business practice, CCOW won the point that the utilities' ability to spend freely, and then complain of potential large losses if ultimate plant approval were denied, could bias the presumably objective review process. To date, the utilities could lose as much as \$47.4 million of their own money if Koshkonong is killed. And just two days after the PSC eliminated one of the projects' partners, the possibility of such losses seemed quite real. Wisconsin may be about to witness one of the largest economic blunders in the history of the state's private sector.

This second blow, on November 10, came when the DNR, which must issue water-related permits for the plant, released its review of the Draft Environmental Statement which the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission prepared for Koshkonong last August. The DNR's report, made public at a crowded press conference, was in the form of a letter and supporting document from DNR Secretary Anthony Earl to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. The DNR labeled Koshkonong "environmentally unacceptable for the location of this proposed nuclear power plant," and stated that, rather than issue the required permits, the agency would appear "at future hearings in opposition to the granting" of permission to build the plant. Earl's letter then tore into the Federal Draft Environmental Statement, which had generally suggested approval for the project, in language which challenged the accuracy and the competency of its authors.

The DNR attacked the feasibility of the Koshkonong site by repeating what is common knowledge among Wisconsin's boaters, fishermen and duck hunters—that there isn't enough water there to run the plant. Koshkonong is

an unusually shallow body of water; its average depth is only 4½ feet, and but 7 feet at the deepest point. The proposed plant's operation would require more than 26,000 gallons per minute from the lake, and the DNR stated that any such drawdown from Koshkonong "would result in a significant loss of recreational value, would hinder navigation, would exacerbate existing water quality control problems, and could result in extensive fish kills."

To compound the water intake problem, the DNR found that the proposed plant would spill intolerably high levels of nine "toxic pollutants" when the lake water was finally discharged into the Rock River. These substances, including mercury, chlorine, lead and others, would not only be in concentrations which exceed the state's legal water quality standards; they would also potentially foul the sewage treatment facilities of downstream cities. The water problem was thus twofold: unacceptable quantity and unacceptable quality, and the DNR criticized the Federal Draft Environmental Statement for misjudging the gravity of these problems. The DNR also notified the NRC that it had "cautioned [the utilities] in the past that the Koshkonong site was unacceptable. Despite our admonishment, they have continued to pursue this particular site. . . ." Had the utilities notified the federal regulators that the local authorities were advising against the site? The answer is unknown, but by the time the DNR sawed off the limb upon which the power consortium was perched, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission was out there alongside, holding its hand.

Secretary Earl's letter then heaped scornful condemnation on the federal agency's methodology: "There is an apparent lack on the part of the authors of an understanding of, or concern for, environmental priorities and impacts. . . . Many important sections are characterized by a significant lack of necessary information . . . there are frequent examples of inaccurate information or interpretations of data . . . there is a frequent lack of objectivity when evaluating impacts [which resulted] in conclusions characterized by subjective statements, personal value judgments, biased opinions, and justificatory statements. . . ." And so on. To head off the possible counter-attack that he had not been specific, Secretary Earl sent along a 33-page list of single-spaced challenges to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission's draft statement.

While the DNR secretary's announcement does not constitute formal denial of plant licensing, it appears that the Koshkonong project has almost no chance of completion. It all adds up to a rather bleak future not only for this particular site but for possible alternative nuclear sites as well, and the project's opponents are enjoying what looks to be a marvelous turning of the tables.

State Sen. Dale McKenna (D., Jefferson), in whose district lies Lake Koshkonong, hailed the DNR report, and called for the immediate resignation of the utility companies' managers who promoted the site. "Only those with absolutely no sense of public responsibility," charged McKenna, "or those whose income is guaranteed by government protected monopolies, would continue to pursue this dead-end project." Madison Mayor Paul R. Soglin, whose capital city is only 25 miles from the site,

and which has formally opposed the construction ever since it was first proposed, called for a thorough inquiry into the circumstances leading to the group's selection and expensive promotion of the Koshkonong site. A formal investigation at the state level is proper because the utilities are state-chartered and regulated, and because the DNR revealed that, one week before the consortium announced its choice of Koshkonong, it had advised the utilities that, of the five sites being considered for a proposed nuclear power plant, the Lake Koshkonong location was the poorest from an environmental point of view. "Can you imagine the number of investigations that would be underway if four public agencies blundered this badly?" wondered one incredulous public official.

The DNR's revelation of an early, unheeded warning about Koshkonong's flaws has led to much suspicion of the utilities' original intentions. Some of the plant's most persistent critics have constructed a believable, if speculative, hypothesis: the utilities knew about the lack of adequate water at Lake Koshkonong, not only because the DNR told them but because they could measure the shallow lake with a canoe paddle as easily as a 10-year-old kid out fishing for bluegills. Counting on eventual regulatory disapproval or voluntary withdrawal of the site, the consortium would then announce selection of another site—the truly desired site on its hidden agenda—and then push for quick approval because of the time lost in the Koshkonong review. But this strategy—admittedly somewhat conspiratorial but plausible in view of the obvious problems with the Koshkonong site—did not include many unpredictable factors. For one thing, the utilities did not foresee that the PSC would place the "irretrievable losses" at their stockholders' doors. Second, the utilities did not count on such well-organized citizen opposition as CCOW. Third, the PSC surprised everyone by kicking the Madison utility out of the project, thus completely confusing the partners' financial responsibilities. Fourth, the consortium hardly counted on so inept a federal environmental statement. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission's credibility in Wisconsin has been severely damaged, and if the utilities hoped to muscle another site through state agencies using another federal statement as a supporting weapon, they will probably find it packs the wallop of a peashooter.

And, most important, the two regulatory agencies concerned, the Public Service Commission and the Department of Natural Resources, have emerged from the Koshkonong Follies with a new, aggressive posture and widespread public support. The utility consortium, on the other hand, is on the defensive—it lacks one member, credibility has shrunk, and it has put a bundle of its stockholders' money in jeopardy. The Madison utility has announced plans to challenge the PSC divestiture order in court, and the consortium publicly is claiming that the Koshkonong site's feasibility will be proven by privately commissioned environmental studies. Yet these moves appear perfunctory, designed as face-saving techniques, while the search for a new site has already begun in central Wisconsin or on Lake Michigan. While the public awaits the utilities' new plant proposal, the national movement against nuclear power can take encouragement from the demise of the Koshkonong project. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Sense and Sentimentality

ELIZABETH POCHODA

That our Christmases come tied in sentimental knots is not entirely the fault of Dickens. The Christmas spirit was franchised before he came to it, and many people who have never encountered Bob Cratchit, Dingley Dell, the Cricket on the Hearth, nor indeed any of the rosy companions of his numerous Christmas stories, nevertheless feel the uncomfortable distance between the Christmases they are likely to experience and those ideal ones pictured in story and shop window. Still for the English-speaking world Dickens remains the premier Christmas fanatic. As the illustrations of his stories attest, he was frequently guilty of sentimentalizing the holiday to the point where unwitting readers might well long for the tattered clothes and chilblains which make such festive accompaniments to his yuletide scenes.

And yet the inevitable connection between Dickens and Christmas did not begin in so mawkish a vein. As a young man of 23, Dickens's first Christmas bash, and undoubtedly his best, appeared in the Dingley Dell chapters of *The Pickwick Papers*, his first novel. Here a young writer experiencing the flush of enormous celebrity and success gives us the perfect antidote to Christmas poison—a way of keeping Christmas and one's sanity too. For that is the subject of *Pickwick* as a whole—sanity, responsibility, adulthood, and nowhere are these attributes better displayed than in the chapters about Dingley Dell, the Edenic home of old Wardle. Here everything is antique, picturesque, convivial and noisy to perfection and yet Christmas and sentimentality are kept at arm's length from each other. Only later in his career was Dickens willing to whip up a confection of Christmases, loading the holiday with as much syrup as the occasion and his readers could bear, which was and is, it seems, quite a lot. Without ever being religious about it, for there is no Christ in Dickens's Christmas, the synonymy of Christmas and epiphany became for Dickens quite literal.

But *Pickwick's* Christmas at Wardle's remains the most enticing of all Dickensian Christmases precisely because the occasion is framed and interlaced with the salutary wisdom of an author will-

ing to admit that our experience can scarcely fail to fall short of epiphany and fictional perfection. Thus as the *Pickwickians* approach Wardle's manor house we are reminded that theirs is an ideal voyage through an ideally frost-bitten English landscape, and that it is so because it is fictional. Their coach so stuffed with greatcoats, rugs, barrels of oysters and *Pickwickians* hardly has room for the huge codfish which Sam Weller muscles into the trunk, and certainly, we are reminded, there is no room for us. We are quite deliberately kept out for this is fiction, ideal and perfect, and we must both enjoy and at some point relinquish it. By contrast to the sentimental novels Dickens and his readers were familiar with, *Pickwick* instructs us on the relationship between art and life, and bids us behave toward art as *Pickwick* does toward the Christmas reel when he retires to the sidelines and dances in place leaving the completion of the dance to the young people to whom it properly belongs. The dance is part of *Pickwick's* life as *Pickwick Papers* is part of ours, but not its replacement. *Pickwick* dances in place, and we read *Pickwick Papers* at Christmas time, dancing in place, so to speak, in imitation of the master.

To loosen the sentimental bonds in which Christmas and fiction were tied Dickens first had to loosen the connections between childhood illusions and adult experience, and in doing so between the perfections of literature and the responsibilities of life. Loosen but not destroy them. Upon the occasion of *Pickwick's* first visit to Dingley Dell, a beautiful May morning as perfect of its kind as the later December day is of its, *Pickwick* encounters a fellow called Dismal Jemmy. Jemmy's unrelieved melancholy is brought about by a confusion of art and life, childhood and adulthood. Earlier he has remarked that only the illusions of poetry cover the fact that there is nothing in life to care for. And here on this May morning he considers drowning as the best recourse for one who wishes to have the days of his childhood restored. The two complaints are very much the same; they are the complaints of the sentimentalist, one who seeks to reduce the complexities and disappointments of living by reinvoking

the solutions of childhood or the illusions of art.

One can only imagine Dismal Jemmy's thoughts on a Christmas Eve such as the one which brings the *Pickwickians* to Wardle's, and no doubt anticipating the longings of the sentimentalist, Dickens introduces his "good humored Christmas chapter" by remarking in his own voice, "Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days." The emphasis is on delusions and their momentary satisfactions, and immediately thereafter the delusions of art are also held up to view as the author reminds us that this is but a story he is telling, and that his encomium to Christmas has stalled the progress of *Pickwick's* coach-and-four which require an author to get them from London to Dingley Dell.

Once the author has established himself and his readers as mere onlookers he is free to create in all good conscience a visionary, quintessential Christmas which gathers up all the spirit and customs of the holiday and spills them forth in two chapters which claim to be nothing more nor less than art at its most seductive, "pure, unalloyed delight." So extravagant is the spirit of the occasion once it has been deliberately raised to the ideal plane that even the horses, obliging enough to get into the holiday spirit, shed the encumbrances of real work and proceed through the frosty air as if the heavy load behind them "were but a feather at their heels." The coachman too is the very illustration of a coachman driving one-handed as if to show "what an easy thing it is to drive a four-in-hand when you have had as much practice as he has," and then taking up the whip again "and on they speed more merrily than before."

In the next two chapters every one of our senses is appealed to until we are more and more sure that this is an entire world beckoning us in: the sound of the guard's bugle in the clear air as the coach enters a village, the sound of laughter at Dingley Dell which makes the glasses on the sideboard ring until their reverberations almost reach our ears; the smell and taste of numerous pies and hot punches consumed; the draughty feel of the old house which only the heartiest fire can dispel; and lastly the look of things so splendidly

picturesque that they cast doubt and shadows on the look of everyday life. There is also a compelling rhythm to the events of these chapters which deceives and seduces us; it is the rhythm of ingestion to which all other eating and drinking might aspire, a perfect arrival of food and drink in perfect quantity and variety punctuated by the games, sports and dances which beautifully demarcate the sublimity of each meal. Daily life as we know it is what happens between meals, between games, between ceremonies, and here at Dingley Dell there, miraculously, are no such interims.

Lest Dickens make Dismal Jemmys of us all we are reminded that this is all Christmases that ever were, not exactly life as we know it but its cele-

bration, and that above all this is a time when stories are used to further cheer our transitory existence. Thus the perfect conviviality of the day's events at Dingley Dell is capped by a Christmas Eve of storytelling around the kitchen fire. Here, for the moment, there is no division between servants and masters for the reach of fiction like that of Christmas and of the kitchen fire penetrates the darkest "corner of the room and casts its cheerful tint on every face."

What keeps all this perfection from making us pine after things as they are in art as we might for the illusions of childhood is first our capacity to enjoy it without having it, to dance in place, again, and also Dickens's awareness of our danger. *Pickwick* was published serially in shilling numbers, a form of

publication which, as Dickens tells us, was formerly used for the sentimental novels over which he and others cried in early adolescence. When the immense popularity of *Pickwick* made itself felt Dickens had still more than three-quarters of it left to write. It was clear from the fad for *Pickwickiana* in everything from clothes and carriages and song books to cheap imitations and outright plagiarisms that Dickens had in his first novel created a book that many people preferred to the rest of life. The dangers of sentimentality were therefore great. Later in his career he was to succumb to the request that *Great Expectations* have a happy ending, but here in *Pickwick Papers* he tries to hold firm to a healthy relationship between art and life, a relationship which to his mind

SHELL

*Inside,
the sounds of a frozen lake.
December and my brother*

*leans on my arm, his ankles weak,
scraping together as we skate,
first one foot, the other,*

*the snow sweeping up,
stinging our eyes.
We glide a cool ten feet.*

*The ice melts and my brother
rows me out to the middle
of the place, stands up*

*in the boat, waving, as if
seeing someone on shore.
The boat flips and I hang*

*onto the bar, my head
bobbing above the water
into the boat's chamber.*

*And now in my dream, the ribs
of that boat settle down,
become the arched beams*

*of this ceiling, a chapel.
Inside, a priest saying Mass,
a nuptial, and someone leans*

*on my brother's arm as he
walks down the aisle. Flowers
falling on the carpet, harden,*

*whiten, crunch under foot.
He reaches the back of the
church, puts his ear to the door.*

*Outside,
the sound of the wind
blowing someone across the lake.*

Mary Swander

TWENTY JANUARY

*Another day promised for forty
come and gone, and we're
still below freezing: but, at least,
the trees heavy with ice, it's
been calm: now, the gray deep
afternoon turning windy,*

*the thicket snaps like a fire,
ice creaking and jamming but
holding, an occasional splinter
at a crack flicking free:
another night enameled ghostly!
yesterday afternoon the sun broke*

*out late and the hill trees, cross-ray
to the light, lit up strict white
branch lights: some
winked: others held red
glows, water-clear: tonight, we
have nothing to go on but continuance.*

A. R. Ammons

THE DEEP SLOW

*Even the pheasant's broad
feet slip and skid
on the ice freezing
rain polished
the snow with last night
and around the round shelter
of the birdfeeder*

*a carousel of icicles drops
part way,
nearly keeping out the birds:
a heaviness stiller and heavier
than leaves is on
bush and branch,
the hemlocks awither like
old men from lakebottom:
if the clouds weren't
moving showing occasional
bright edges,
this might
seem the condition
the world had settled on.*

A. R. Ammons

DESIGN

*Seafield and sun
light prized by eyes
that hold—and out
of it exploding
a rush of wings
this flight of birds
that smokes across
the windows our
cold room
fires the still
center of winter
sleep where love
beats a tattoo
behind our eyes.*

Michael Harlow

allows for their mutual enrichment as sentimentality does not. Thus the beautiful Christmas Eve ends with the author's remark that such are the charms of fiction that he has been betrayed into composing an overlong chapter, and once he says that he restores the respective claims of art and life.

In the next chapter we are made to let go of Christmas and Dingley Dell, and are plunged directly into the sordid world of law courts and Fleet Prison. After the plot has finished with this world and restored the Pickwickians to happiness Dickens had completed his book, but his public demanded to know what happened to these companions after the story was over. In a brief and admonitory postscript the young author tries once again to explain that through such partings we leave for a time the ideal world of fiction, just as we relin-

quish something of our childhood pleasures. We should look back just as we should read *Pickwick Papers* at Christmas, but we cannot fully live in these visionary times and places; indeed they are no good to us if we try to do so. He does give a perfunctory nearly tongue-in-cheek summary of what each of his characters does at present, but the tone is unmistakably grudging; the postscript runs contrary to everything he had worked for in the novel—to bring Pickwick from innocence to knowledge, to create an ideal world in Dingley Dell which would light up the one we live in, but he had not meant to leave us in the story any more than he had meant to leave Pickwick at Wardle's without showing him Fleet Prison. Who but someone as menaced by sentimentality as Dickens himself could have known as much about its dangers, that it is the cause of much unhappiness and not a little cruelty. □

on a major artist. Usually such work has been done by a bolder generation of art historians than ours. Gould sorts out the corpus and changes dates and discusses the paintings in detail and with eloquence. Recommended.

DAUBIGNY. By M. Fidell-Beaufort and J. Bailly-Herzberg. Editions Geoffrey Dechaune, Paris. Distributed in the U.S. by Kent State University Press. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 288 pp. \$80.

This book is another sign of the renewed interest in the Barbizon School painters. Daubigny's selection of unassuming landscape motifs should not obscure the boldness of his treatment. Though not a catalogue raisonné this book, in its full documentation, much of it unpublished, is a big step in this direction.

DEGAS: THE ARTIST'S MIND. By Theodore Reff. Metropolitan Museum of Art and Harper & Row. 14 color and 202 black-and-white illustrations. 352 pp. \$25.

Authoritative essays each dealing with an aspect of Degas's intellectuality, including the referential intricacies of his "Pictures within Pictures," his relation to contemporary literature, and the modernity of sculpture. Reff restores a sense of purpose to Degas which had been lost in recent more specialized studies.

THE BROTHERS DUCHAMP. By Pierre Cabanne. New York Graphic Society. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 270 pp. \$49.50.

Readable account of Marcel Duchamp, Jacques Villon and Raymond Duchamp-Villon, but as their lives diverge Cabanne fails to discover much in the way of family ties and obligations. They were initially close and the early years provide the material for the best part of the book.

ENSOR. By John David Farmer. George Braziller. 50 color and numerous black-and-white illustrations. 48 pp. \$9.95.

ENSOR. By Roger van Gindertael. New York Graphic Society. 29 color, 91 black-and-white illustrations. 158 pp. \$22.50.

Farmer concentrates on "James Ensor and the Art of His Time" and van Gindertael, himself a Belgian like Ensor, ranges more widely; but the color is brutal in the latter book and far more circumspect in Farmer's.

UNE SEMAINE DE BONTE. By Max

ART BOOKS / Lawrence Alloway

INDIVIDUAL ARTISTS

VITO ACCONCI. By Mario Diacono. Out of London Press. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 246 pp. \$6.

A study in Italian of Acconci's varied performance pieces with a group of the artist's scenarios in English. Useful documentation of an innovative artist.

FRANCIS BACON. By Lorenza Trucchi. Harry N. Abrams. 86 color, 94 black-and-white illustrations. 280 pp. \$37.50.

Bacon is unarguably Britain's best painter in his imaginative thrust, manual skill and copiousness. The illustrations are concentrated on the new work in which his earlier urge to withhold has been replaced by ebullient productivity. The recent triptychs are well reproduced.

REMINISCENCES OF ROSA BONHEUR. Edited by Theodore Stanton. Hacker Art Books. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 414 pp. \$30.

Bonheur collected material for an autobiography but did not write it; using her archives Stanton put together this book (first published in 1910). It is an absorbing account of her life, full of specific information, sometimes charmingly shaped by the conventions of the period. A Hacker reprint. Recommended.

CALDER'S UNIVERSE. By Jean Lipman. The Viking Press and the Whitney

Museum of American Art. 352 pp. \$25.

The book is designed like a glossy monthly magazine with big pictures and small, color contrasted to black and white, some photos of sculptures in cut-out and some bled off the page. It's all very entertaining. The bibliography is called "Author's Bookshelf." The best I can say of the text is that it is affable and homey and carries plugs for the artist from well-known people.

MARY CASSATT. By Nancy Hale. Doubleday & Co. Black-and-white illustrations. 334 pp. \$10.

A readable biography of Cassatt, but the writer's professionalism, which I don't despise, is not of a kind to produce insight on artists. An empty book.

CONSTABLE AND HIS WORLD. By Reg Gadney. W. W. Norton. 121 black-and-white illustrations. 128 pp. \$10.

A pedestrian sketch of Constable's life and work. Its dullness confirms the general notion of Constable's mute virtue before nature, compared to Turner's combative approach. Actually there is much more to be said about Constable.

THE PAINTINGS OF CORREGGIO. By Cecil Gould. Cornell University Press. 12 color and copious black-and-white illustrations. 308 pp. \$85.

It is a pleasure to read original research

Ernst. Dover Publications. 208 pp. \$4.50.

A reprint of Ernst's 1934 collage-novel which makes this remarkable work easily available for the first time. Brilliant use of cutout 19th-century engravings, the collision and divergence of which occur within a formality and verism held over from the source material.

EMILE GALLÉ. By Philippe Garner. 24 color, 126 black-and-white illustrations. 130 pp. \$30.

Excellent account of the life and work of Gallé. The shifting contours and translucent color of his Art Nouveau objects, once so artificial in appearance, turn out to be soaked in botanical and entomological knowledge.

GOYA AND THE IMPOSSIBLE REVOLUTION. By Gwyn A. Williams. Pantheon. 98 black-and-white illustrations in the text. 196 pp. \$15.

Very interesting parallels are proposed between Goya's style changes and illness, on one hand, and the contradictions of Spanish society on the other. Williams's position is that of a subtle Marxist writer on art.

YES, BUT . . . A CRITICAL STUDY OF PHILIP GUSTON. By Dore Ashton. The Viking Press. 4 color and numerous black-and-white illustrations. 206 pp. \$16.95.

Most of the books on the Abstract Expressionists are based on personal contact but take the form of art criticism. Ashton's book is frankly biographical and follows Guston's career as a figurative artist 1930-49, as an abstract painter 1950-69, and as a figurative artist again since 1970. All this is well covered if not fully explained.

FRAMING AND BEING FRAMED: Seven works 1970-75. By Hans Haacke. With essays by Jack Burnham, Howard Becker and John Walton. Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (Halifax) and New York University Press. 2 color and numerous black-and-white illustrations in the text. 154 pp. \$17.50. Paper \$9.95.

Haacke uses questionnaires and documentation to carry Conceptual art in the direction of politics. For instance, he takes the provenance of Manet's "Bunch of Asparagus" and charts price increases as the picture changed hands from one capitalist to another. Recommended.

CORRESPONDENCE: An Exhibition of the Letters of Ray Johnson. North

Carolina Museum of Art. Copious black-and-white illustrations. Unpaginated. Price not set.

This publication is the first large-scale showing of Ray Johnson's letters, which are a personal variation of collage and poetry. He has built up a network of informal and allusive works with many correspondents, eighty-one of whom have lent letters to this fully illustrated catalogue. Recommended.

COMPLETE WRITINGS 1959-1975. By Donald Judd. Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (Halifax) and New York University Press. Numerous black-and-white illustrations in the text. 230 pp. \$25. Paper \$14.50.

Judd says he used to pay the rent by reviewing before he made it as an artist. He writes dogmatically, approving the work that resembles his own aesthetic as a sculptor, putting down the rest. Taken as a document of the hard side of the taste and theory of the 1960s the book is fascinating.

KATHE KOLLWITZ: Woman and Artist. By Martha Kearns. The Feminist Press. 32 black-and-white illustrations. 238 pp. \$5.

There is something about Kollwitz that solicits sentimental writing and this, the second book in English on her, is no exception. The quotes from the artist's diary are interesting, but one awaits a dry-eyed book.

LEGER AND THE AVANT-GARDE. By Christopher Green. Yale University Press. 8 color and 214 black-and-white illustrations. 350 pp. \$35.

Searching account of Léger's work until the mid-1920s, emphasizing him as a realist, in the sense of one attuned to the new currents of his age, and as a classicist. Recommended.

THE PRINTS OF REGINALD MARSH. By Norman Sasowsky. Clarkson N. Potter. 269 black-and-white illustrations. 288 pp. \$15.

The taste for 1920s and 1930s is being firmly consolidated by studies like this. Sasowsky not only collects information about edition changes in the prints, but places Marsh in relation to the vernacular New York imagery of John Sloan, Edward Hopper and George Bellows.

ANDRE MASSON. By William Rubin and Carolyn Lanchner. Museum of Modern Art. 24 color and 191 black-and-

white illustrations. 232 pp. \$20.

Lanchner covers Masson's "origins and developments" well, and Rubin's broader piece includes a return to a topic he has written about before, Masson's relation to Jackson Pollock.

DAWNS AND DUSKS. By Louise Nevelson. Taped conversation with Diana MacKown. Charles Scribner's Sons. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 212 pp. \$12.95.

Engaging reminiscences about Nevelson's life and times, tangential remarks on her art, and signals of her character, as when she tells MacKown: "I think I was the first person to wear a 16th-century Mandarin Chinese robe on top of a blue denim work shirt. Years ago."

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE. By Georgia O'Keeffe. The Viking Press. 108 color illustrations. Unpaginated. \$60 before December 31; \$75 thereafter.

High-quality block making in a large format makes this the picture book of the year, but in addition the text, in the form of a written commentary by the artist, is soberly, laconically revealing. For example, she glosses one of her bone paintings in these words: "A pelvis bone has always been useful to any animal that has it—quite as useful as a head, I suppose."

ROSSETTI. By John Nicholl. Macmillan. 27 color, 100 black-and-white illustrations. 164 pp. \$22.95.

Nicholl's Marxist view of Rossetti brings a refreshing amount of social and economic information to the romantic subject. This is admirable but his conclusion is what everybody thinks about Rossetti, that his early work is much better than the later. Ideological analysis confirms the aesthetic status quo.

HENRI ROUSSEAU. By Carolyn Keay. Rizzoli International Publications. 36 color, 76 black-and-white illustrations. 208 pp. \$30.

My impression is that *le douanier* is no longer the cult figure that he used to be. Maybe this is why Keay's text turns out to be neither a critical account of his art nor a very entertaining retelling of all those anecdotes.

GEORGE SEGAL. By Jan Van der Marck. Harry N. Abrams. 66 color and 96 black-and-white illustrations. 234 pp. \$37.50.

The bibliography and chronology are

four years out of date suggesting delay in the book's production. Van der Marck's text, though informative, seems to spend a long time on Segal in relation to Pop and Minimal art, suggesting that he wrote with the 1960s too much in mind. A more direct approach to Segal as some kind of realist might be more fruitful, though the reminder of the contemporaneous background is interesting.

COVER TO COVER. By Michael Snow. Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (Halifax) and New York University Press. Unpaginated. \$20. Paper \$12.50.

Photographic study without words showing Snow opening a door, being photographed, photographs of the photograph, and so on in a series of Chinese boxes between real world and photograph, scene and page.

TRUMBULL: The Declaration of Independence. By Irma B. Jaffe. Art in Context. The Viking Press. One color, 59 black-and-white illustrations. 124 pp. \$10.

A detailed account of the development and meaning of the painting, and a notable contribution to the modernization of History Painting and its extension into nonmilitary, pacific subject matter.

VELASQUEZ: The Art of Painting. By Madlyn Millner Kahr. Harper & Row. 98 black-and-white illustrations. 234 pp. \$15.

A convincing study of Velázquez's art in the context of the Spanish character and court activity. Almost a third of the book is devoted to "Interpreting 'Las Meninas'."

JACQUES VILLON. Edited by Daniel Robbins. Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University. 15 color and numerous black-and-white illustrations. 224 pp. Price not set.

The catalogue of a retrospective exhibition that grew out of a graduate seminar. The collaborative result is admirable, giving a clear view of Villon's long development, his color theory and his refinement of Cubism.

THE FARNESE HOURS. Introduction and Commentary by Webster Smith. George Braziller. 64 color illustrations. 168 pp. \$30.

This post-Gothic illuminated manuscript by Giulio Clovio was finished in 1546. It is too late for purist taste, but in fact the sophisticated and delicate Mannerist

forms provide a brilliant and inventive version of the customary pieties. The same-size reproduction is splendid and keeps the high standard of earlier Brazilian facsimiles. Recommended.

THE UNICORN TAPESTRIES. By Margaret B. Freeman. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Distributed by E. P. Dutton. 305 color and black-and-white illustrations. 244 pp. \$45.

A close scrutiny of the tapestries at the Cloisters: unicorn lore, bestiaries, herbals, late medieval etiquette, and the other arts are all brought in to elucidate these fabulous works. Recommended.

GROUPS AND PERIODS

A GALLERY OF AMISH QUILTS. By Robert Bishop and Elizabeth Safanda. E. P. Dutton. 156 color illustrations. 96 pp. \$9.95.

Following a change in taste for the crafts and folk art of the United States, the Amish have joined the Navajo as a source of decorative modules and symmetrical patterns. Attractive.

RUSSIAN ART OF THE AVANT-GARDE: Theory and Criticism 1902-1937. Edited by John E. Bowl. The Documents of 20th Century Art Series.

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12/18/76

The Viking Press. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 360 pp. \$20.

To the well-known texts by Kandinsky, Malevich, and Gabo and Pevsner, Bowlt adds a fascinating context of documents that range from Symbolism to early Socialist Realism. The amazing richness of the first thirty years of Russian 20th-century art is demonstrated. Recommended.

ISLAMIC PATTERNS: An Analytical and Cosmological Approach. By Keith Critchlow. *Copious 2-color and black-and-white diagrams. 192 pp. \$24.95.*

A collection of diagrams and explanatory captions that argue for mathematical principles as the ordering factor in Islamic surface pattern.

AMERICAN VIEWS: Prospects and Vistas. By Gloria-Gilda Deak. *The Viking Press. Numerous color illustrations. 134 pp. \$19.95.*

An anthology from the New York Public Library's Prints Division. A nice collection of images showing the perspective space of the panoramas that appealed so much to 19th-century popular taste.

SWISS PAINTING. By Florens Deuchler, Marcel Roethlisberger and Hans Luthy. *Rizzoli International Publications. 65 color and 142 black-and-white illustrations. 200 pp. \$45.*

Informative essays covering Swiss art from frescoes of the ninth century to Ferdinand Hodler. A good introduction to an unfamiliar subject but it underestimates Angelica Kauffmann.

THE ART OF THE PRINT. By Fritz Eichenberg. *Harry N. Abrams. 96 color and 654 black-and-white illustrations. 612 pp. \$35.*

Abundantly illustrated survey of print making which explains the different techniques clearly and indicates the history of each one.

THE 'WILD BEASTS': Fauvism and its Affinities. By John Elderfield. *Museum of Modern Art. 24 color and 182 black-and-white illustrations. 168 pp. \$7.95.*

This is undeniably the best introductory book on the Fauves and Elderfield writes compactly. Neither the color nor the black-and-white illustrations however are up to the museum's standard.

THE HERITAGE OF APELLES: Studies in the Art of the Renaissance.

Coming Next Week

Books published by Nation contributors in 1976.

By E. H. Gombrich. Cornell University Press. 4 color and 239 black-and-white illustrations. 250 pp. \$27.50.

This is the fourth volume of Gombrich's collected writings. The success of his essays rests on the fact that he preserves the generous humanism of the original Warburg Institute while insisting on inventing his own subjects. The iconographer as keeper of the flame, one who links present thought with ancient artifacts, is embodied in Gombrich's writings. Recommended.

ART: A History of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture. By Frederick Hartt. *Harry N. Abrams. 86 color and 588 black-and-white illustrations. Vol. 1, 468 pp. Vol. 2, 528 pp. \$50.*

The new survey book is to H. W. Jan-son's what his was to E. H. Gombrich's: bigger. Hartt's *Art* is intended for one-year introductory courses and the "non-academic reading public." It is a clear highway map of Western art. He should have stopped with the Abstract Expressionists: Chryssa and Rockne Krebes, Richard Estes and Duane Hanson are rather anti-climactic in a global view of art.

INDIAN ART OF THE NORTHWEST COAST: A Dialogue on Craftsmanship and Esthetics. By Bill Holm and Bill Reed. *University of Washington Press. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 264 pp. \$20.*

The dialogue form is sometimes stogy and self-conscious, but a lot of information is conveyed about these powerful objects. There is a good introduction by Edmund Carpenter on "Collecting Northwest Coast Art" recounting its discovery in the past thirty years.

ENGLISH ART TODAY 1960-76. Edited by Francesco Ogliari and Gerald Forty. *Rizzoli International Publications. 35 color and 410 black-and-white illustrations. 2 volumes. 468 pp. \$30.*

The catalogue of an exhibition in the Palazzo Reale, Milan, shows English art as more diversely layered than is usually realized (except for the absence of realism). Norbert Lynton writes on painting, David Thompson on sculpture, Ted Little on performance art, David Curtis on film, and Richard Coke on everything else. English and Italian texts.

WOMEN ARTISTS: Recognition and Reappraisal from the Early Middle Ages to the 20th Century. By Karen Petersen and J. J. Wilson. *Harper Colophon Books. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 212 pp. Paper \$5.95.*

A sound survey of women artists until "The Present Moment" at which point the writers' hitherto firm grasp of data crumbles. An appendix on Chinese women artists seems the result of accidental expertise, rather than critical decision. A study of women artists in Latin America would have been more appropriate than an abrupt departure from the European-American orientation of the rest of the book.

ARTISTS AS PROFESSORS: Conversations with Musicians, Painters, Sculptors. By Morris Risenhoover and Robert T. Blackburn. *University of Illinois Press. 218 pp. \$7.95.*

In 17th-century Holland artists doubled as brewers, tulip-growers, innkeepers, anything, but today about the only acceptable job for an artist is teaching. The situation invites sociological inquiry, but these interviews with artist-teachers fall short of representing the full range of academic artists. The result is stuffier than it should be.

THE ANTIPODEAN MANIFESTO: Essays in Art and History. By Bernard Smith. *Oxford University Press. 222 pp. \$23.25.*

The title is misleading: the tone of a manifesto is not present in these bland essays. Smith seems best when writing about art's impingement on social matters, as in "Sir Herbert Read and the Powers Bequest" and "The Whitlaw Government and the Visual Arts."

WOMEN PAINTERS OF THE WORLD. Edited by Walter Shaw Sparrow. *Hacker Art Books. Copious black-and-white illustrations. 332 pp. \$30.*

A Hacker reprint of a book published originally in 1905. The study of women's art began in the late 19th- early 20th century but was discontinued until lately. This book is a collection of brief essays by several writers sketching the contribution of women to national schools of painting; 210 women are discussed.

AMERICAN MASTERS DRAWINGS AND WATERCOLORS. By Theodore E. Stebbins Jr. *Harper & Row. 360 color and black-and-white illustrations. 464 pp. \$35. Paper \$10.95.*

This "history of works on paper from Colonial times to the present," the catalogue of an exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art, is a Bicentennial spectacular, with Benjamin West and Frederick Church, Maxfield Parrish and Ed Ruscha as co-stars. Stebbins gives a loyal but indiscriminating appreciation of it all.

ART BRUT. By Michel Thevoz. Preface by Jean Dubuffet. Rizzoli International Publications. 26 color and 112 black-and-white illustrations. 224 pp. \$22.50.

In the past thirty years Dubuffet has compiled an immense collection of what he calls *Art Brut*, the art of psychotics, prisoners, naifs, mediums. After temporary lodgments in East Hampton and Paris it is now securely housed in Lausanne. Thevoz, curator of the collection, discusses the work resourcefully, not in terms of symptoms but in terms of structures.

PEOPLE OF THE FIRST MAN. Edited by David Thomas and Karin Ronnefeldt. E. P. Dutton. Copious color and black-and-white illustrations. 256 pp. \$25 before December 31; \$29.95 thereafter.

Prince Maximilian's account of his travels among the Plains Indians in the 1830s accompanied by the Swiss artist, Karl Bodmer. His drawings and water colors are both pictorially vivid and ethnographically alert. The originals are in the collection of the Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Neb. Recommended.

THE SCENE: Report on Post-Modern Art. By Calvin Tomkins. The Viking Press. Black-and-white illustrations in the text. 272 pp. \$12.50.

Readable and informative profiles of Henry Geldzahler and Andy Warhol, Experiments in Art and Technology (EAT) and Earthworks, but Tomkins does not achieve quite that *rapprochement* with the *au courant* shown in his earlier essays in *The Bride and the Bachelors*. He takes a dubious Daniel Bell-ism, "post-modern," as a general idea, but it is just a bluff.

ARTISTS FOR THE SHAH. By Roger Welch. Yale University Press. 16 color and 68 black-and-white illustrations. 234 pp. \$25.

The subject is illuminated manuscripts in Iran in the late 16th century. The stylistic delicacy of court painting is savored, but Welch, like recent art historians in other fields, studies patronage and from that defines the social matrix

within which the art took shape. Recommended.

The Pelican History of Art Series. **ROMAN ART.** By Donald Strong. Prepared for the press by J.M.C. Toynbee. 263 black-and-white illustrations. 198 pp. **AMERICAN ART.** By John Wilmerding. 300 black-and-white illustrations. 322 pp. Both \$40. **THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF RUSSIA.** By George Heard Hamilton. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 342 pp. **THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF ANCIENT AMERICA.** By George Kubler. Numerous black-and-white illus-

trations. Both \$29.50.

The first two books are additions to the Pelican History, the last two are new editions of books published respectively in 1954 and 1962. These books are significant volumes in a series that, with few exceptions, is easy to consult, more reliable than average, and prudently up to date in research. The only problem really is Wilmerding's, and it arises because he has no cutoff point. The last part, "The Mid-20th Century 1945-1976: From World War II to the Bicentennial" shows present time resisting the composure that more distant events obediently assume. □

RECORDS 1976 / David Hamilton

(All recordings in categories I and II are stereophonic; all those in category III are monophonic.)

I. NEW RECORDINGS

BARTOK, BUSONI, MESSIAEN, STRAVINSKY: Piano Etudes. Paul Jacobs. Nonesuch H 71334. \$3.96.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonatas Nos. 9, 10, 28. Alfred Brendel. Philips 9500 041. \$7.98.

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1. Chicago Symphony Orchestra; James Levine, cond. RCA Red Seal ARL1 1326. \$6.98.

CARTER: Brass Quintet. American Brass Quintet. Eight Pieces for Four Timpani. Morris Lang. Odyssey Y 34137. \$3.98.

CHOPIN: Preludes. Murray Perahia. Columbia M 33507. \$6.98.

CRUMB: *Makrokosmos*, Vol. II. Robert Miller. Odyssey Y 34135. \$3.98.

DEBUSSY: Etudes for Piano. Paul Jacobs. Nonesuch H 71322. \$3.96.

FAURE: *Requiem*. Soloists. Netherlands Radio Chorus; Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra; Jean Fournet, cond. Philips 6500 968. \$7.98.

GIDEON: *Questions on Nature; The Condemned Playground.* **WEISGALL:** *End of Summer.* Various performers. CRI SD 343. \$6.95.

HAYDN: Piano Sonatas 19, 37, 44; Variations in F minor. Gilbert Kalish.

Nonesuch H 71328. \$3.96. Piano Sonatas 32, 34, 46, 51. Gilbert Kalish. Nonesuch H 71318. \$3.96.

IVES: Songs. Jan DeGaetani, Gilbert Kalish. Nonesuch H 71325. \$3.96.

JOSQUIN DES PRES: Selected works. Musica Reservata; Michael Morrow, director. Argo ZRG 793. \$6.98.

LIEBERSON: Concerto for Four Groups of Instruments; Piano Fantasy. **LUNDBORG:** From *Music Forever* No. 2; Passacaglia. Various performers. CRI SD 350. \$6.95.

MARTINO: *Paradiso Choruses*. New England Conservatory Chorus & Orchestras; Lorna Cooke de Varon, cond. Golden Crest NEC 114. \$6.98 (with works by Pinkham).

MENDELSSOHN: Songs. Peter Schreier, Walter Olbertz. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 596. \$7.98.

MONOD: *Cantus contra cantum I.* **BEN WEBER:** Quartet No. 2. **SHIFRIN:** Quartet No. 4. Various performers. CRI SD 358. \$6.95.

MESSIAEN: *Quatuor pour la fin du temps*. Tashi. RCA Red Seal ARL1 1567. \$6.98.

MOZART: Quartets Nos. 20-23. Juilliard Quartet. Columbia MG 33976. \$7.98 (two discs).

Zaide. Soloists. Berlin State Orchestra; Bernhard Klee, cond. Philips 6700 097. \$15.96 (two discs).

PROKOFIEV: Piano Concertos Nos. 1-

5. Vladimir Ashkenazy. London Symphony Orchestra; André Previn, cond. London CSA 2314. \$20.94 (three discs).

RACHMANINOFF: Songs. Elisabeth Söderström, Vladimir Ashkenazy. London OS 26428. \$6.98.

ROSSINI: Overtures. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; Neville Marriner, cond. Philips 6500 878. \$7.98.

Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra. Soloists. London Symphony Orchestra; Gianfranco Masini, cond. Philips 6703 067. \$23.94 (three discs).

SCHOENBERG: Chamber Symphonies Nos. 1, 2. Frankfurt Radio Symphony Orchestra; Eliahu Inbal, cond. Philips 6500 923. \$7.98.

SCHUBERT: "Arpeggione" Sonata. MENDELSSOHN: Cello Sonata in D, Op. 58. Lynn Harell, James Levine. RCA Red Seal ARL1 1568. \$6.98.

Songs. Elly Ameling, Dalton Baldwin. Philips 6500 704. \$7.98.

Songs. SCHOENBERG: *Das Buch der hängenden Gärten*. Jan DeGaetani, Gilbert Kalish. Nonesuch H 71320. \$3.96.

SOLLBERGER: *Riding the Wind I*. WYNER: *Intermedio*. Various performers. CRI SD 352. \$6.95.

VERDI: *Il Corsaro*. Soloists. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Lamberto Gardelli, cond. Philips 6700 098. \$15.96 (two discs).

Macbeth. La Scala Opera, Milan; Claudio Abbado, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2709 062. \$23.94 (three discs).

WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. Deutsche Oper, Berlin; Eugen Jochum, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2713 011. \$39.90 (five discs).

Overtures & Preludes. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; Bernard Haitink, cond. Philips 6500 932. \$7.98.

WUORINEN: String Trio; *Bearbeitungen über das Glogauer Liederbuch; Grand Bamboula*. Various performers. Nonesuch H 71319. \$3.96.

French Operatic Arias. Frederica von Stade. Columbia M 34206. \$6.98.

II. REISSUES

BEETHOVEN: String Quartets Nos. 7-

11. Juilliard Quartet. Columbia D3M 34094. \$13.98 (three discs).

Violin Concerto. Josef Suk. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, cond. Vanguard/Everyman SRV 353. \$3.98.

BOULEZ: *Le Soleil des eaux*. MES- SIAEN: *Chronochromie*. KOECHLIN: *Les Bandar-Log*. BBC Chorus & Symphony Orchestra; Antal Dorati & Pierre Boulez, cond. Argo ZRG 756. \$6.98.

DALLAPICCOLA: *Sex carmina Alcaeï; Piccola musica notturna; Preghiera*. WOLPE: Piece in Two Parts for Six Players. BUSONI: *Berceuse élégiaque*. Various performers; Frederik Prausnitz, cond. Argo ZRG 757. \$6.98.

LISZT: *Transcendental Etudes; Dante Sonata; Les Jeux d'eau à la Villa d'Este*. Russell Sherman. Vanguard/Everyman SRV 354/5. \$7.96 (two discs).

SCHUMANN: *Frauenliebe und -Leben*. SCHUBERT, BRAHMS: Songs. Janet Baker, Martin Isepp. CMS/Saga 5277. \$6.98.

III. HISTORICAL RECORDINGS

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 744. \$7.98 (recorded 1952).

DEBUSSY: *La Mer; Ibéria* (with works by Mendelssohn, Schubert, Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, Strauss, Respighi). Philadelphia Orchestra; Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Red Seal CRM5 1900, \$27.98 (five discs; recorded 1941-42).

GERSHWIN: *Rhapsody in Blue*; other

works. George Gershwin, piano. RCA Victorola AVM1 1740. \$3.98 (recorded 1924-28).

SCHOENBERG: *Pierrot lunaire*. Erika Stiedry-Wagner. Arnold Schoenberg, cond. Odyssey Y 33791. \$3.98 (recorded 1940).

SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 4; other works. London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. Turnabout THS 65059. \$3.98 (recorded 1937-38).

STRAUSS: Tone Poems. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Richard Strauss, cond. Vanguard/Everyman SRV 325/9. \$19.90 (five discs; recorded 1944).

STRAVINSKY: *Oedipus Rex*. Soloists. Cologne Radio Chorus & Orchestra; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Odyssey Y 33789. \$3.98 (recorded 1951).

WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* (slightly abbreviated). Bayreuth Festival; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. EMI/Dacapo C 181-01 797/801. \$39.90 (five discs; recorded 1943).

"*Sänger auf dem grünen Hügel*" (retrospective of singers at the Bayreuth Festival). EMI/Electrola C 181-30 669/78. \$79.80 (ten discs; recorded 1904-43).

Yehudi Menuhin: *His Famous Early Recordings* (retrospective of concerto recordings). EMI/HMV RLS 718. \$23.94 (three discs; recorded 1931-38).

"*L'Exquise*" Maggie Teyte (retrospective survey). EMI/HMV RLS 716. \$31.92 (four discs; recorded 1908-48).

The Art of Felix Weingartner (retrospective survey). EMI/HMV RLS 717. \$23.94 (three discs; recorded 1931-40).

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/Nat Hentoff

These gift suggestions for collectors of diverse indigenous music are not limited to recordings released only within the past year, but all of them are available.

The single most appropriate jazz set for just about any jazz listener is *The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz*, six albums encompassing much of the scope of the music. Available from the Smithsonian Institution, P.O. Box 1641, Washington, D.C. 20013, at \$24.50, including postage.

Also indispensable is the Smithsonian's two-LP *Louis Armstrong/Earl*

Hines/1928. Nearly indispensable, from the same source, is *Duke Ellington/1938*, also two albums. Each is \$9.

From the abundance of Norman Granz's Pablo (releases issued in this country by RCA Victor), two distinctive albums of what might be called jazz chamber music are trio performances by Duke Ellington (*This One's for Blanton*) and Count Basie (*For the First Time*). These LPs, like those following, are in the usual LP price range.

For devotees of classic big-band jazz, a key set (and its availability is not

widely known) is *The Best of Count Basie*, MCA 4050E. These are the original Decca recordings, never since equaled by any of the Basie orchestras.

Although much of the early- and middle-period Billie Holiday has been in the catalogue for some time, Verve has begun to make available again those autumnal Lady Day sessions on which she made so much more of less (her dwindling resources) as to redefine once again the nature of jazz singing. (*The First Verve Sessions/Billie Holiday*, two LPs). And for a most unusual "inside" view of the jazz process, there is a unique rehearsal record, *Billie Holiday/Songs & Conversations* (Paramount Records/Famous Music Corp.).

One of the rarest of jazz phenomena in recent years is a big band that is truly fresh (in spirit and scores). The most spirited 1976 band is co-led by pianist-composer Toshiko Akiyoshi and her reedman husband, Lew Tabackin—*Tales of a Courtesan* (RCA Victor).

Of the many recent *avant-garde* releases, those particularly arresting are Leroy Jenkins's *For Players Only* (Jazz Composers Orchestra Association); Cecil Taylor's *Silent Tongues* (Arista/Freedom); and the Revolutionary Ensemble's *The People's Republic* (Horizon). The latter label, Horizon, an arm of A&M Records, is also responsible for an absorbing collection of duets, *Closeness*, in which bassist Charlie Haden is heard, seriatim, with Keith Jarrett, Ornette Coleman, Alice Coltrane, Paul Motian.

For those who prefer jazz serenity, the nonpareil master of lyrical guitar, Jim Hall, has a set, *Commitment* (Horizon) which, in seeming paradox, is both stimulating and relaxing.

In popular music, no vocal album in some years has come close to the jazz-backed balladry of Tony Bennett in *Tony Bennett Sings 10 Rodgers & Hart Songs* (Improv).

Not to be pigeonholed, though his roots are in folk and pop music, Don McLean is an uncommonly original writer (both romantic and satiric) and a singer of subtle dramatic skills. (*Solo*, two albums, United Artists.)

Also difficult to label, James Talley (*Tryin' Like the Devil*, Capitol) has emerged as the most authoritative and thoughtful of the younger country singer-writers. Except that he's also part folk, and part 1930s depression.

Ubiquitous on country and Western recordings, violinist Johnny Gimble swings deep and easy, with a remarkably mellow sound. In his own set, *Texas Dance Party* (Columbia), Gimble also turns out to be an engaging singer and a repository of Southwestern country-dance-band history.

Yet another kind of indigenous music is represented in *Vaudeville, Songs of the Great Ladies of the Musical Stage*, with Joan Morris bringing back to flam-

boyant life Anna Held, Nora Bayes, and other forceful vaudeville figures from the 1880s to the 1920s. (Nonesuch).

Also on Nonesuch is another extra-

STRAY DOGS

*At three o'clock the field is white,
a front tooth spit out by the moon.
Where the grass will grow —
the rest is a blur of dark wool.
My eyes are held open by wires, my body
is stiff on the unyielding sheet.*

In a matter of years it will be morning.

*The dog sleeps, is sleeping
near the sea. Ringed with rocks
and the voices of fish, the dog sleeps
alone in the luminous night.*

*The dog dreams before dying, before
falling down to the fish, of a woman
in a blue bikini and a man
with a couple of humorous chins.
You, lumpy and hot beside me,
stoic and hot; at my feet in a mingling
of breath and flesh, the dog
roped round the neck, licking the salt
from my legs. We all sailed together
in a boat chug-chugging toward light,
to a mythical island, white as foam.
I cried, "They are going to abandon him!"*

*Somewhere in the future, in the morning,
your words repeat themselves,
"We can't stop for an unknown dog."*

*My bed sails across the Aegean
to the holy islands again. White houses
signal from the beach, white sheets
are shining in a windless sky.
I have watched the sheep with their heads up
and their mouths open. The bleached grass
is frightening. I've seen the dog
sprawled out in the shade of a rock.
I gave him my lunch but he was too unhappy
to eat. He never opened his eyes.*

*My bed moves in the storm of the sea,
the shore recedes between the waves.
We are still sailing together
in our uncertain boat that toils
back and forth among the islands.
Now and then we catch sight
of a house with a little steel trinket
above, that hopes to turn in the right wind.*

*The starving dog is our witness.
The crust of water is breaking.
We are falling, through waves,
and a thicket of fishes,
into the swollen dark.*

Naomi Lazard

ordinarily vivid recital of vintage popular music: *Who Shall Rule This American Nation?* (*Songs of the Civil War Era* by Henry Clark Work). In fact, if in need of last-minute ideas for record gifts, you might well look at the whole Nonesuch catalogue which, in addition to classical music, ranges through indigenous music from all sorts of unlikely places and eras. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Trevor Griffiths's *Comedians* (Music Box Theatre) is a distinctly worthwhile play, but there are some difficulties in the way of its full appreciation. The first arises from the American audience's unfamiliarity with its background. The second is a diffusion—perhaps more apparent than real—in the play's composition. Though *Comedians* is an altogether appropriate title, it tends to disorient the spectators because it sets up an expectation of continuous hilarity. The play is for the most part quite funny, but "fun" is not its point.

It takes place in a Manchester secondary school to which workingmen come for various sorts of instruction. The class Trevor Griffiths looks in upon is very special—a group of six men of various trades and origins are studying to become proficient standup comedians, to begin with, in working-class nightclubs. Their teacher, Eddie Waters, is himself a once-famous popular comedian. The "students" are being prepared to audition at a local workingmen's club where a London agent will see them and perhaps recommend them for booking into other such spots in outlying towns.

On first acquaintance the blokes and their instructor seem a rum lot. They kid one another wittily, irritate one another teasingly and sometimes betray hidden antagonisms. Yet there is a feeling of comradeship among them. There are Manchester natives among them, men from Ireland (Green and Orange), and a local Jew. They share a respect for Eddie Waters. He mentions a theme, sometimes only a single word, on which they are asked instantly to improvise. They are adept at the game: tough, low-born and frequently very bright. As individuals and as comedians they provoke both laughter and sympathy.

One of the men, Gethin Price, in response to a suggested subject, invents an obscene limerick which, Waters tells him,

degrades women. He takes exception not on the ground of social propriety but because the limerick was motivated by hate and hate is not funny. A comedian should not insult his audience.

The second act is set in a sleazy club where each of Waters's students performs his number. Some are smashing, others mediocre or embarrassing. Gethin Price brings out two dummies—a couple dressed in evening clothes to represent the upper class. His mockery is savage; one detects a devastating class hatred.

For the last act the play returns to the classroom. Two of the fellows—the least gifted of the group—are ticketed for jobs, probably because their "acts" were the least offensive. The play ends in a confrontation between Waters and Price. Price's "act" was brilliant, the teacher says, but he did not like it. Price accuses him of being soft, a member of an earlier generation that was tolerant and passive in the face of class oppression and flagrant social injustice. Waters, himself once a laborer, has known hard times, served in the war, witnessed the horror of concentration camps. He answers that such things must be objectively revealed, that by the very truthfulness of the revelation they can be converted to the uses of a comedy that will change the hearts and minds of audiences. Price speaks up valorously for activism, for political partisanship, for decisive struggle.

There is a specifically British base to all this. Class differences and distinctions are crucial to every phase of English life. Except for the utterly destitute and the blacks there are hardly any "classes" in the United States. Anybody, no matter how poor, we say, may become a millionaire the day after tomorrow and the equal of anyone else. Anybody born in this country may some day be President! The open battle of the classes in England began only lately on anything like a grand scale. The English drama of the past twenty years provides evidence of this. *Comedians* is a new and highly engaging variation on a theme that more and more preoccupies English society.

Griffiths's play is obliquely a correction, almost a rebuke, to much of recent English writing for the theatre. Too often, the playwright implies, it expresses mere resentment, disgust, cynicism, hopelessness. Such attitudes are not enough: they will not serve. There must be Eddie Waters's forbearance—and Price's outcry for strongly unified action toward clear goals.

The technical difficulty in the play is its seeming lack of continuity of inten-

tion from the first two acts to the transition of the last. What begins as a series of racy characterizations and gutter jokes ends in a sober, very nearly impassioned discussion of issues of which we are only faintly aware and scarcely involved. In England the first act alone, with its array of laborers as would-be comedians (an old tradition and an increasingly common phenomenon), would convey something of the conflict between the "humanist" Eddie and the embattled or "committed" Price.

Whether Mike Nichols, as director, or the playwright could have done something to strengthen the bridge between the play's two "shores," I cannot say. But the "foreignness" is the source of the audience's uneasiness in the presence of a humorous and meaningful play.

The cast as a whole is well-chosen. The gentle Milo O'Shea lacks some of the grit and massive authority needed for the role of Eddie Waters. I particularly liked Jarlath Conroy, John Lithgow, David Margulies (the token Jew), Rex Robbins as the agent, Robert Geringer as the nightclub factotum and Jayant Blue as a Hindu who wanders by chance into the class of comedians. Best of all is Jonathan Pryce (as Price), whose gaunt face and cutting voice give the play some of the bite it needs. □

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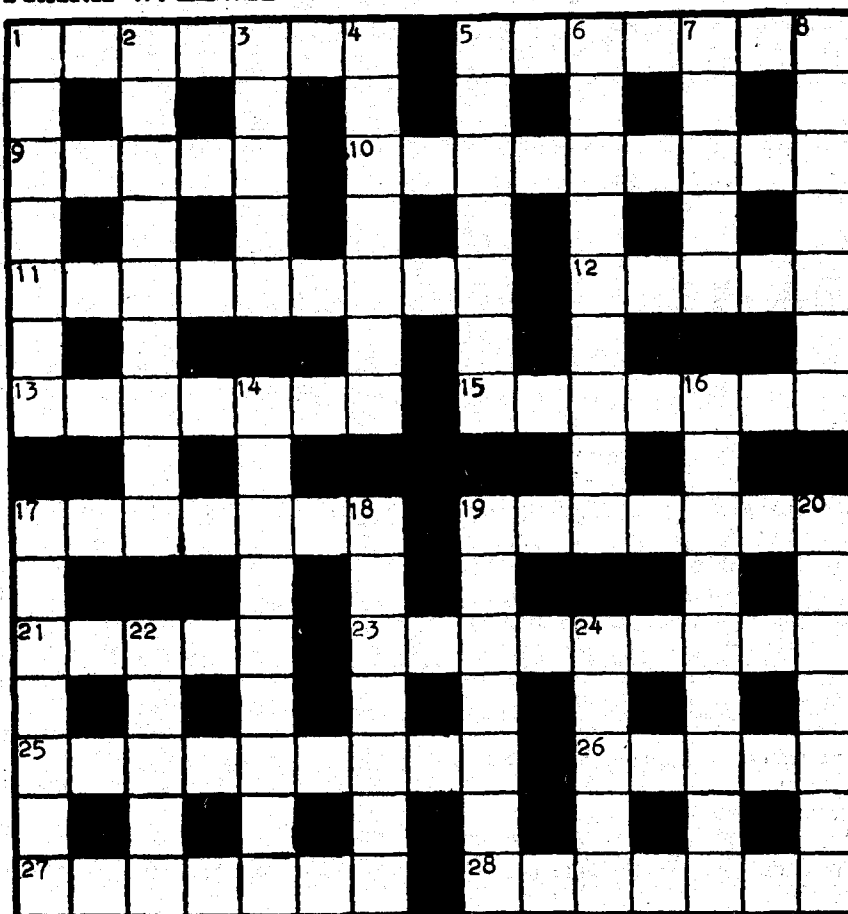
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1659

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 If you find the smallest bit in any, it will be the structure of an animal or plant. (7)
- 5 and 3 down Implying free speech? (3,4,2,3)
- 9 Go back and lick every man inside, due to this. (5)
- 10 See 25 across
- 11 Dashed off, as they sometimes say. (9)
- 12 One might call your pa grandpa. (5)
- 13 Not really what Moses did way down in Egypt land, though it sounds that way. (7)
- 15 "Dear Sir: Oakland had 'em bad!" (7)
- 17 A good talking point, in a sense. (7)
- 19 A couple of things the devil reputedly has a pair of in Italy. (7)
- 21 Break open a bottle and bare the head. (5)
- 23 One might see it with 5 down. (9)
- 25 and 10 across One might start a good proposition with this, putting up one against the other. (7,2,9)
- 26 Let it somehow stand for the name. (5)
- 27 Fixes up a line of clothing. (7)
- 28 A help-wanted message has a tie-in with comforts. (7)

DOWN

- 1 A stick to employ inside, if riled up. (7)
- 2 You might get stung by their charges. (9)

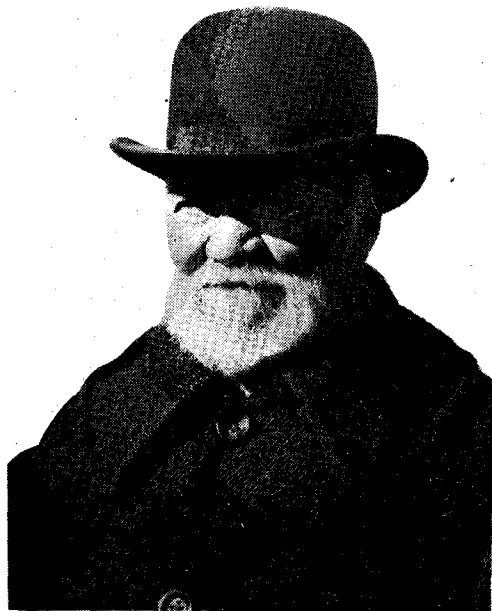
- 3 See 5 across
- 4 Sang very high, naturally. (7)
- 5 One might hear it with 23 across. (7)
- 6 Raising something to a higher degree, you might get "n" in change. (9)
- 7 Occupied, perhaps. (2,3)
- 8 Such ornaments are not necessarily corny appendages. (7)
- 14 They comprise several ethnic strains, but possibly one's a pure mixture. (9)
- 16 With a Number One preoccupation? (9)
- 17 What a cowboy might have done up, and an estimator done off. (7)
- 18 Melts so badly and causes a good deal of bother. (7)
- 19 They took at least 30 centuries to make. (7)
- 20 Old timers didn't complain if they got their lumps this way. (7)
- 22 Berg had little ones to do so. (5)
- 24 That's all there is—there isn't any more. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1658

ACROSS: 1 Strait-laced; 9 and 10 Starboard; 11 and 16 Mainspring; 12 Bigotry; 13 Learned; 15 Estimate; 18 Stumps; 21, 28 and 7 down Upstairs, Downstairs; 24 Airmail; 26 Lawyers; 29 Drill; 30 Awls; 31 Take a powder. DOWN: 2 Terrorism; 3 Alberta; 4 Thaw; 5 Address; 6 Elmer; 8 Pigeon; 14 Rebus; 17 Ready-made; 19 Tailor; 20 Swindle; 22 Swallow; 23 Rarely; 25 Manna; 27 Limp.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

THE LONG MARCH



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